ALL PLEAS'D AT LAST;

A NEW

COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

As it is Acted at all the Theatres in DUBLIN.

——You ſhall ſee my Son——body o'me,
He's the Hopes of my Family.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

DUBLIN:

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PREFACE

WITH ſcarcely a hope of approbation, a juſt ſenſe of my inability for the taſk, and convinced, as I am, that every writer is held inexcuſable, whoſe labours fall ſhort of perfection or originality, the following pages are offered to the public, as an attempt to revive a ſpecies of the drama which has heretofore diſtinguiſhed the Engliſh ſtage: I mean Comedy, founded on the baſis of humour and intrigue. By thus declaring my object, I have perhaps drawn on myſelf already that cenſure which it is my wiſh to avoid; but the cauſe I have embarked in ſtimulates me to venture even to indiſcretion. I am convinced, both from obſervation and experience, that the works of our earlieſt dramatic authors are ſtill the favourites of the cloſet, and are only become obſolete on the ſtage by the fluctuation of manners, or by ſlighting the obſervance of ſome neceſſary rules, which are at preſent ſuppoſed indiſputable, but, which were formerly ſeldom attended to. I hope I ſhall be pardoned for prefering thoſe great models to that which is of a more recent original, and whoſe object being dependant on the local and fleeting characters of the faſhionable world, has conſequently obtained the diſtinguiſhed title of the *Polite*. I am no enemy to this laſt manner; on the contrary, I am conſiderably indebted to it for its aſſiſtance; but then the feeble imitations which have ap-

peared of late, convince me, that our prejudice in its favour has confined all dramatic efforts to very narrow limits; and, that to continue ſlaves to the reſtraint would effectually obliterate that characteriſtic ſtyle, which has lifted our ſtage to an enviable importance, and extorted the admiration of even that great, though partial critic, Voltaire. This gentleman, whilſt he ridicules our moſt ſucceſsful efforts at that ſtyle of compoſition, which ſeems peculiar to his nation, has, however, made us ample retribution, by various unſucceſsful attempts at that which is natural to ours. He endeavoured to reconcile *The Plain Dealer* to the French ſtage; but, in order to deprive it of the droſs, he filtered it through the taſte of his native country; and the ſpirit of the original entirely evaporated in the operation. Similar attempts on our ſide have not been quite ſo unfortunate; but it muſt be confeſſed, that, the characters, and materials, which we have borrowed, are ſuch as might have been found in moſt countries; now, our moſt admired characters have a peculiarity in them that baffles all imitation. There are beauties in our dramatic pieces which, to a French audience, would appear deformities; there are numberleſs little delicacies in theirs which would be wholly loſt on an Engliſh audience.—— Though every critic, who is converſant with the French Comedy, admits this truth; yet, we are biaſed to prefer an imitation of their peculiar excellence, to a cultivation of that which is connected with our genius and character. We do not conſider that every nation has a taſte

taſte peculiarly conformable with its other opinions; and, that in adopting the taſte of a people, whoſe government and manners are different from ours, we tranſplant an exotic which is unnatural to our climate.

Taſte is, in truth, but a vague phraſe, when applied indiſcriminately; every nation has a fancy peculiar to itſelf, and its works, whether in proſe or verſe, will be guided by that bias, which may be called its taſte.

That the natural fancy or taſte of this country, in Comedy, is humour, may be proved from the ſtrongeſt authorities; and, it is obſervable that, in proportion as our comic authors have loſt ſight of this invigorating eſſential, the defect has been ſupplied by ſtage trick and decoration. Our actors are now better dreſſed than formerly, even to a violation of propriety; the ſtage is more commodious and elegant; our ears are regaled with the fineſt ſtrokes of moral ſentiment; but then, the infective peals of laughter are no more!

The fondneſs for decoration, and the ſofter gratifications of ſenſe, have forbade all exertions of wit and humour, and have confined to narrow limits that beſt reformer of folly, Ridicule. Moſt people are ſo blind to their own faults, and have ſuch an opinion of their own merit, as hardly to ſuffer with patience the admonition of a friend; nay, they often turn the tables on the adviſer, by depicting to him ſome glaring folly in himſelf, which has eſcaped his obſervation: but, when the Muſe holds up the mirror of ridicule, a kindred likeneſs appears which the man ſhudders at,

hopes

hopes it is only perceived by himſelf, and reſolves, in his own mind, to reform.

I ſhall point out to the obſervation of my reader a Comedy, which is a mixture of the polite and the humorous, I mean the *Journey to London*. The two principal characters of this play are the moſt intereſting, moſt finiſhed, and moſt polite of any which a poliſhed age could furniſh; but, pardon me for aſking, has not the natural abſurdity of Sir Francis, and the blunt honeſty, with characteriſtic ſimplicity, of Moody, contributed to its ſupport and ſucceſs? have not the two firſt characters been frequently imitated, with ſome degree of reputation? and who could attempt to imitate the laſt without expoſing himſelf to ridicule? Vanbrugh ſketched the plot and character of this piece, but it was the judgment and genius of Cibber that gave it to the world; he made even the ruder characters inſtructive, gave the fable probability, and rendered the concluſion moral, natural, and happy.

The *Careleſs Huſband* is certainly the beſt polite Comedy we have, and poſſeſſes one peculiar excellence, which I have not obſerved to be remarked in any criticiſm on the ſubject; I mean, a kind of faſcination, which perſuades us to imagine that we are conſtantly of the company which we ſee repreſented. When this play firſt appeared, the enemies of the author denied that his genius was equal to ſuch a performance; which was, though unintentionally, a much greater compliment than his friends could pay him. The polite ſeemed, naturally, within the reach of Cibber's genius; in

in other things he was but an imitator, frequently a plagearift, his judgment being much ſuperior to his invention; but, in this line he owed every thing to himſelf, and all attempts at polite Comedy, ſince his time, ſeem to be only imitations of his moſt ſucceſsful efforts. In his dedication to this piece, he appologizes for having quit the path of former dramatic writers, in the following manner:

" The beſt critics have long and juſtly com-
" plained, that the coarſeneſs of moſt charac-
" ters, in our modern Comedies, have been
" unfit entertainments for people of quality,
" eſpecially ladies; and therefore I was long
" in hopes that ſome able pen (whoſe expec-
" tations did not hang on the profits of ſuc-
" ceſs) would generouſly attempt to reform
" the town into a better taſte than the world
" generally allows them; but, nothing of that
" kind having lately appeared, that would
" give me an opportunity at being wiſe at
" another's expence, I found it impoſſible any
" longer to reſiſt the temptation, and ſo e'en
" ſtruck the firſt blow myſelf."

I declare I ſhould have been at a loſs for the author's meaning, when he ſpeaks of coarſeneſs of character, if the prologue to the piece had not explained it.

" Such are the perſons we to-day provide,
* " And *natures fools* for once are laid aſide."

Although

* Congreve's Comedies are as perfectly polite as the manners of the age would admit of, and of that degree as is correſpondent to the genius of his country; the plot and language

Although this Comedy was then deſervedly admired, and the ſubject of almoſt every converſation, yet, it had not ſo great a run as one which was introduced by the ſame author, and compiled from three pieces of the celebrated Fletcher, I mean the *Fop's Fortune*. This laſt mentioned piece, notwithſtanding many glaring incongruities, has collected an audience when the other could not; for where there is a ſtrength of character, and variety of intrigue, though againſt the laws of probability, the abſurdities will be overlooked in the repreſentation, the mind being engaged in purſuits more conſiſtent with its nature; on the contrary, a piece which is perfectly probable and regular, as it muſt have leſs incident, leſs boldneſs of character, and ſhews to us objects which, though entertaining, are familiar to us, dwells on the memory, and tires on repetition. If ſome examples appear againſt my opinion, let the reader examine if they may not be owing to ſome remarkable incidents which, though they divert, can ſcarcely bear a critical ſcrutiny.

As long as I can remember, it has been a general complaint that we are unaccountably defective in dramatic writers, notwithſtanding that the emoluments appertaining to their labours are conſiderably greater now, than

language are perfectly connected with the faſhionable world, and the characters are juſt portraits of *natural* or acquired folly. Congreve's pen was tainted by that general licentiouſneſs which prevailed in his youth; if it were poſſible to correct his fault, his comedies would be as far above the reach of cenſure, as they are beyond a poſſibility of being excelled.

they

they were formerly. This is a very extraordinary circumſtance indeed! but, only to ſuch as are ignorant of the injuries which a writer is ſubject to. Will ten benefit nights recompenſe a man of ſpirit for the tax, which a manager extorts from every author who ventures to apply for his aſſiſtance? Is not two years attendance frequently rewarded, by having a piece plundered to aſſiſt ſome favourite ſycophant? But, ſuppoſe this was not the caſe; promiſe an author a thouſand pounds a night, and dictate to him a certain code of laws for the conduct of his work, he may write and grow rich; but he will not write as thoſe, whoſe labours ſtill preſerve their fame, whilſt their mortal part is crumbled into duſt.

There has exiſted a claſs of writers who, becauſe they have excelled in things which nature formed them for, have arrogated to themſelves a right of preſcribing rules for works which they dared not attempt, or have attempted, and left us very wretched examples to enforce their precepts. The genius of Engliſhmen has long declared war againſt the dogmas which our forefathers revered; and yet, the rules of a recent claſs of dramatic dogmatiſts are ſtill quoted with reverence. Criticiſm has been highly uſeful, in reforming the taſte and directing the judgment of the ingenious, and the inquiſitive; but, it is remarkable that, in the ſame degree as our dramatic critics multiplied, our dramatic inventers grew dull and inſipid. When Molier wrote there was not, I believe, a modern dramatic criticiſm exiſting; France has ſwarmed with them ſince, and poor

Molier's

Molier's beſt Comedies, which were written in proſe, are now verſified for the actors.

Many of thoſe who lament that modern Comedies are defective in intrigue, character, and humour, generally impute the defect to a wrong cauſe, that is, to a want of genius. Certainly genius is not as conſpicuous in the dramatic writers of our time, as in that of our forefathers; but, it muſt be conſidered that the writers of the laſt age enjoyed advantages which thoſe of the preſent are, in a great meaſure, deprived of.

Mankind have at all times poſſeſſed the ſame degree of mental excellence; ſometimes it ſleeps, and ſometimes it is rouſed into an extraordinary ſpring of action, by curioſity or a ſpirit of rivalſhip: our curioſity is damped when we admit that every thing has been already done, in that ſtudy which our faculties have a bias for; rivalſhip is at an end, when we behold great models of a paſt age, and only ſee imperfect imitations in the preſent.

Politeneſs operates to give all mankind a ſimilitude of manners; and, if it were poſſible to poliſh every claſs of people to the higheſt degree that politeneſs preſcribes, we ſhould all ſpeak and act alike, a general diſſimulation would take place, and our natural characters would be entirely obſcured by our acquired one. In a nation which is emerging from rudeneſs, and only acquiring a civility of manners, there will be a great variety of character; there will be few eſtabliſhed rules to regulate ſocial conduct by, and conſequently every perſon's foibles will have fair play; and, as every perſon's true cha-

racter

racter is expoſed to public inſpection, ſuch as are poſſeſſed of wit, or have a turn for humour, will improve thoſe talents to excellence, by having ſubjects for their obſervation always before them: this was an advantage which the comic writers of the laſt age enjoyed in a very conſiderable degree, but of which we have ſcarcely a trace remaining. The dramatic writers, who attract moſt our admiration, had Natures works to copy after, juſt as ſhe produced them; our models are like the portraits of a bad painter, in various attitudes, but with ſo ſtrong a ſimilitude to each other as makes it unneceſſary to affix the ſignature of him who formed them. Beſides, the preſent race of comic authors cannot make uſe of characters, which have been introduced on the ſtage already, without being accuſed of the crime of plagiariſm; and, they are now confined, by an erroneous criticiſm, to what is called *polite Comedy*, though the faſhionable world is more barren of character at preſent, than when that ſtyle of writing was firſt introduced. I have already obſerved that politeneſs introduces a ſimilitude of manners; then how is it poſſible for this line of Comedy to give us all that variety we wiſh for? If we will put aſide thoſe local objects, which favour more of indirect perſonal calumny, than true humour, and which, though they may be entertainment to the preſent hour, will ſhortly be unintereſting or obſolete, I am convinced that three tolerable pieces would take in every different character which the polite circle can furniſh.

With theſe opinions, and under the diſadvantages I have already deſcribed, I have attempted Comedy: I have ſtudied rather to divert thoſe who wiſh to be diverted, than to avoid the ſtrictures of thoſe who find a pleaſure in viewing a Piece on the wrong ſide. I have endeavoured to ſhew my characters in the ſtrongeſt light I could, without violating the rules of nature and probability; and purſuant to my deſign, have lighted my taper from a lamp which ſtill glimmers over the aſhes of a great maſter.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir GILBERT OLDPRANK,
TOM OLDPRANK,
Colonel FORMAL,
TOWNLY,
GRANDVILLE,
MEDLY,
SAMPSON,
HEMLOC,
ATTORNEY,
APOTHECARY.

W O M E N.

MARIA,
DOROTHEA,
CELINDA,
TIFFANY.

Waiter, Servants, *&c.*

All pleas'd at laſt;

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Colonel Formal *and* Sampſon.

Formal.

SEND his ſervant hither.

Samp. Pleaſe your honour, he and Miſs Celinda's gentlewoman are gone to walk in the park.

For. Walk in the park, and his maſter confined to his chamber by ſickneſs!

Samp. All one to he.

For. And who attends capt. Grandville?

Samp. Why, I.

For. Sampſon, I ſhall reward your attention.

Samp. If your honour will let me kick the ſoupmeagre dog out of the houſe, I ſhall think it the greateſt kindneſs in the world. Lord, he

he has played the Devil with our wenches! he teaches them French, and your allemandes; and he ſo whirls them round and round—I tells them what will come of their whirling.

For. Does your maſter permit this foolery?

Samp. Why, I told him and he was main angry; but, ever ſince they have called me tell-tale.

For. You ought to have complained to capt. Grandville.

Samp. Good lack! poor gentleman, he is become ſo forgetful that, if one told a thing to day, it's fairly out of his head to-morrow.

For. Has he had any proper opinion?

Samp. Ay, ay, we all gives our opinions. His worſhip ſays that, the reaſon why he thinks ſo much and eats ſo little is, becauſe he is troubled with an evil conſcience; our wenches ſays he is in love; now, I think it can't be that, for when our young 'ſquire was in love, he eat, and drank, and danc'd, and ſung, and ſwore, and whiſtled.

For. Your young 'ſquire and capt. Grandville, are indeed of very different diſpoſitions.

Samp. The 'ſquire is a little friſky, that's the truth on't, but then he is young. Od's my life, I'll wager your honour had ſpunk in you when you were at his years.

For. Why ſhould you think ſo, friend?

Samp. He, he, he! becauſe it ſo well becomes your years to venture to wed a lady young enough to be your daughter.

For. Hah! does your maſter permit you to ſuch familiarity?

Samp. No offence, I hope.

For.

For. Begone, Sir! *(exit Sampſon.)* I have encouraged the fellow to be familiar. The army is the only place to teach the ignorant reſpect, and obedience to ſuperiors. Now, if that fellow had made one campaign, he would not have an idea beyond the queſtion he was to anſwer, nor an anſwer beyond the loquacity of friar Bacon's head.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Gilbert Oldprank.

Old. Well, and how is major Rantom, and all the merry lads of the corps? do they remember me yet?

For. Our cloth are never forgetful of their friends; beſides, the laſt time they dined at Prank-hall, you gave them cauſe to remember you.

Old. Ha, ha, ha! deviliſh drunk! I'd ſwear they fought the better for it. Men cannot have a ſtomach to fight for us, unleſs we make up, by hoſpitality, for the ſcanty pay we allow them.

For. If every country gentleman thought as you do—

Old. It would be better for old England. But, what has become of that whey-faced fellow, capt. Gruel?

For. Poor fellow! kill'd.

Old. So, ſo! as I predicted. Milkſops and bullets have a ſtrong affinity to each other, and I often told him ſo.

For. I wiſh you had been leſs prophetic.

Old.

Old. Um! I ſhould not like to be miſtaken either; it will be a warning to the reſt of the regiment.

For. But, ſobriety is as neceſſary in public as it is in domeſtic life.

Old Rank treaſon againſt good fellowſhip! and, if I was your commanding officer, you ſhould ſuffer the pains and penalties of matrimony.

For. Nor ſhould I appeal from ſo impartial a ſentence.

Old. You have not got it into your head, have you?

For. Indeed I have.

Old. Then I warrent the ſeed will thrive and vegetate. *(aſide)* I ſuppoſe the young woman, whom you have educated and ſupported—

For. None more worthy.

Old. And you intend to quit the army?

For. No; I ſhall return to my corps in the ſpring.

Old. I underſtand; when you begin to doubt the ſtrength of the garriſon, you will truſt the town to the faith of the burghers.

For. You will have your joke, Sir Gilbert; but let us talk ſeriouſly; you are my kinſman, and have a right to my confidence. Whilſt your ſiſter lived I thought myſelf the happieſt of mankind, and if it had pleas'd Heaven to ſpare my ſon, I ſhould not have thought on a ſecond engagement.

Old. Pſha, pſha! make no apologies to me; marry her o' God's name, and let me pack down to Prank-hall; here have I been lunging theſe four months, and all my affairs going to the

the dogs: my tenants in arrear; and a whole brewing ſpoil'd; and—

For. Patience, brother. About the ſame time that I loſt my wife and ſon, this virtuous, lovely girl loſt her father, a brave and honeſt gentleman! her mother ſhortly after, who, at her death, gave her daughter to my care. Thus providence ſeemed to fit us for each other, in leaving us equally afflicted,

Oldp. A very plain caſe, I confeſs. But, you have ſent us a young fellow; pray what misfortune has entitled him to your protection?

For. None that I know of. His connexions and merit procured him the commiſſion he now bears; and his valour, integrity, with ſome obligations I have received from him, have rendered him worthy of my friendſhip and love.

Oldp. A hypocritical young dog! he has been a fortnight and more in this houſe, and I have not been able to make him drink.

For. Sir Gilbert, whilſt you conſider ſobriety as hypocriſy, your authority will never correct the vices of your ſon.

Oldp. What, Tom!

For. Whom you have encouraged in what you call ſpirit, wit, and frolic; but the world ſtigmatiſes for madneſs, riot, and vice.

Oldp. I am glad of it. And let me tell you, Colonel, if Tom becomes a whit more ſober than when I ſent him abroad, I will conſider him as loſt, and follow your example and marry, that I may beget a ſon, who ſhall not only inherit my eſtate, but my good qualities.

For. If common fame ſpeaks truth, your ſon has all the qualities you admire.

Oldp. But your friend, Granville, has given fame the lie: it ſeems Tom and he got acquainted in France, and he tells me that Tom ſpent his time among learned, ſober people; a conduct that I cautioned him againſt.

For. O, monſtrous!

Oldp. Before he left home, as promiſing a young fellow as any in England; could drink a corporation blind; and, for his years, begat more baſtards than any man of his age in the county.

For. Which you maintain, I preſume.

Oldp. Three only; the other two being doubtful, I compounded for them.

For. And is it thus you wiſh to perpetuate your family?

Oldp. No; I intend he ſhall continue my family by the uſual way, of matrimony; but, I wou'd have him, at the ſame time, perpetuate the reputation as well as the family of his anceſtors. Now, Colonel, ſeeing that travelling is likely to ruin my boy, I have contrived the means to bring him back to his native country, that I may reprove him, if he has erred, and chaſtiſe the raſcal to whoſe care I intruſted him.

For. Has he a tutor?

Oldp. No; I did not intend he ſhould tutor him; I ſent him for company, and to help him out of a ſcrape; the fellow has wit, and is prodigiouſly learned, as I am told; but was expell'd College for drinking and wenching. But, all my care has not prevented him from

aſſociating

aſſociating with ſober regular fellows, and I fear that his ſcoundrel tutor has encouraged his folly.

For. Very improbable.

Oldp. Why, I have doubts, and therefore I have thought on a method to oblige them to return home.

For. Perhaps you have ſtopped his annuity.

Old. What, force him among Jews, on the chance of his reverſion, and perhaps get my throat cut by ſome intereſted ſon of Levi! no, no, I have taken a wiſer method; I have ſent him an account of my death.

For. Rediculous.

Oldp. I am right; for if what I have heard be true, I am to conclude that he will follow the example of other young fellows of the age, that he may be able to launch into all the extravagances of a man of taſte, and, by that means, when I am compelled to take my leave of the world, the eſtate may take its leave of my family.

For. But the conduct which you endeavor to inculcate into your ſon, would be attended with the ſame conſequences.

Oldp. You were never more out in your life. 'Tis by playing the devil, as you ſober people term it, that we have preſerv'd our eſtate. It has come to my hand through all the vices of my anceſtors; and if my ſon acquires the refinements of this degenerate age, I give it up: he muſt be a connoiſure, keep an opera wench, and loſe as much on the turn of a card as would maintain all my tenants in ſtrong beer a twelvemonth.

For.

For. And, to preſerve your eſtate from deſcending to a coxcomb, you would degrade your ſon into a brute.

Old. Am I a brute?

For. Your pardon, brother; I did not mean to offend you; I am only ſolicitous for the welfare of my nephew, and fear, that an encouragement of what you think ſpirit, may betray him into an abſolute profligacy of manners. Excuſe me for leaving you ſo abruptly; I have not yet ſeen my dear Celinda, nor my young friend; he may have awoke by this time, and I am unhappy till I embrace him. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Oldp. What a pretty fellow that is, to paſs for a man of ſenſe! Two years and ſix months older than I am, and going to wed a handſome young baggage! If I have diſcernment, ſhe likes the young fellow, the friend, and he ſeems very well diſpoſed to return the Colonel's civility—as a friend. Friendſhip, you are the kind aſſiſtant of knaves, and the real foe of honeſt credulity; you are a necromancer that can make Folly ſee double, and Wiſdom ſee not at all; in fine, you are no other perſonage than diſſimulation, arrayed in garments ſpun from the brains of a poet.

Enter Sampſon.

Samp. Pleaſe your worſhip, here is maiſter Medly come.

Oldp. And my ſon?

Samp.

Samp. No; he ſays, as how, that one 'ſquire Townly has cotch'd him.

Oldp. What! how?

Samp. But he will be here preſently.

Oldp. What, has he not the grace to come ſee his father?

Samp. You know you are dead.

Oldp. Odſo! I had forgot that.

Samp. Lord bleſs us, how maiſter Medly is changed! why, he is quite another man.

Oldp. Bad living, Sampſon; frogs, ſoupmeagre, and ſmall wine.

Samp. He is as fat as a houſe dog.

Oldp. I like that.

Samp. You won't like what's to come. He has ſo quite and clean forgotten his own country language that, i'cod, I don't well underſtand him. There is a little thing like a purſe tied too on's wig, which does not cover his ears, but ſtands out, ſo,—and I think the purſe is cram'd with devil's dung, for there is no ſtanding near him without holding one's noſe; and he makes faces, for all the world, like your worſhip's great baboon.

Oldp. A cudgel, Sampſon.

Samp. Fair and quiet. I vote for the pump, becauſe he ſmells like an enemy.

Oldp. Right, Sampſon. But, odſo, let me ſee him; I'll ſtep into the next room and take a peep at him through the key hole. Remember I am dead.

Samp. I underſtand. [*Exit Samp.*

Oldp. I may diſcover, by their converſation, if he has ſpoil'd my ſon. Confound him, I thought he would have ſtuck to his original vices of drinking

drinking and wenching, they are antidotes to foppery and effeminacy. Theſe are the effects of faſhion; who introduces manners in one age, and, as her countrymen does its coin, calls them in the next for the purpoſe of debaſing them; we have cried down foreign money and recoined our own; why then do we not ſtop the circulation of foreign manners? our fools import the droſs, which all our wiſdom cannot get rid of but by ſuffering it to wear out Here comes my gentleman. [*He retires*

SCENE IV.

Enter Medly *and* Sampſon.

Med. Il eſt mort ſans doute, Monſieur.

Samp. I wiſh I knew welch to puzzle this dog *(aſide)* Speak plain Engliſh and we ſhall underſtand each other.

Med. Was it a plain, natural death?

Samp. Ay, maiſter Medly, and like a pious chriſtian, with the parſon and all his family about him.

Med. He ought to have made his exit a la mode d' Angleterre, c' eſt à dire, cut his throat.

Samp. And, is that all your concern?

Med. Except on your account.

Samp. That's kind.

Med. Comment vous appellez vous, monſieur?

Samp. Anan!

Med. Your name, friend.

Samp. Bodikins, have you forgot it? Why I am called Sampſon. *(loud)*

Med.

Med. Monſieur Sampſon, be aſſured we ſhall ſend you about your buſineſs tout préſentement.

Samp. Indeed!

Med. Aſſurement.

Samp. So you forget old friendſhips?

Med. Oui, Monſieur.

Samp. Ay, between we. And when you us'd to call me Pillydays, and promiſed to teach me of a noun, and a verb that ſtands by himſelf without any body to help him, whereby I might be able to draw warrants and ſummons like a ſcholard?

Med. But your maſter is dead, and I have too great a ſenſe of my preſent conſequence to remember obligations. Ce ſentement eſt à la mode de France.

Samp. 'Ecod this is charming. *(aſide)* Well, maiſter Medly, I ſhall bid our Sue tell my young lady you are here. Take a friend's advice, lay aſide your French airs, do you ſee, or, 'cod your bones will ache for it. He, he, he! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Med. No bad advice if the old fellow was alive, but we have him ſecure, have got at the eſtate, and it now becomes my duty to aſſiſt my pupil in ſpending it:—Um! I fear he will not let me have that honour. If we part, I am ſure of an annuity of three hundred a year at leaſt; it is the eſtabliſhed proviſion of a diſcarded preceptor or a caſt miſtreſs. Now for un tête-à-tête avec mademoiſelle Dorothée: if I can make an impreſſion on the pretty ruſtic,

tic, her aunt's five thouſand and, I preſume, her father's ten—Hah, ſhe comes. I'll be deeply loſt in thought. (*ſeating himſelf with his back to the door*) What a fortunate event was this French trip to me; but for it I ſhould have had no more gallantry and addreſs than a Welch curate.

Enter Oldprank.

Oldp. If I can but ſteal on him.

Med. How timidly ſhe creeps towards me.

Oldp. No; I'll not knock him down, for then I ſhould forgive him.

Med. Calls me from my revery with good Mr. Medly.

Oldp. Now for it, (*taps him gently on the ſhoulder.*)

Med. Familiar! now impudence aſſiſt me! (*throwing himſelf on his knees*) Adorable—zounds! —dam'me, what a trap!

Oldp. Ought I to have cut my throat, ſirrah?

Med. By no means, Sir, I, I, I——

Oldp. What have you done with my ſon? Where's my boy Tom, villain?

Med. He will be here tout préſentement pour avoir votre benediction.

Oldp. What, French! you treaſonable rogue: my cane ſhall extract Engliſh from you.

Med. Sir, with your permiſſion I'll recollect it. Damn them and their language too!

Oldp. How came you to learn it, ſirrah?

Med. Only a little, Sir, to curſe their monarch in, and to enquire my way home.

Oldp. You might have done both by an interpreter. Confound you! I took you for an honeſt

neſt fellow, that would deſpiſe every thing he ſaw out of his native country. How came you in this ridiculous trim, you knave?

Med. Sir, if you will hear me patiently, I'll prove to your ſatisfaction that, tho' my perſon has ſuffered transformation, my heart is a ſoundly Engliſh as ever. Zounds, Sir!—

Oldp. Zounds, Sir!—Ay, I like that. Go on.

Med. When I left Old England, I was as firmly reſolved to wear Engliſh clothes, keep Engliſh company, drink, riot, and quarrel, as ever I was to pray for your length of days and diſpoſition to reward my ſervices; now, Sir, your ſon perceiving me to be thus obſtinately well-inclined, formed the moſt diabolical ſcheme.

Oldp. What was it?

Med. To transform me into a Frenchman, in order to ruin my fortune with you.

Oldp A villainous trick, I confeſs.

Med. Nay, he threatened that, unleſs I diſus'd my native tongue, he would have me clap't up in the inquiſition, as an heretical, church of England parſon, that came to collect materials for a treatiſe againſt popery.

Oldp. What more?

Med. A great deal. He got into my chamber one morning, while I was ſleeping off a doſe of excellent vin de Bourgogne—

Oldp. What's that?

Med. Engliſh beer, in French, Sir. He carried off every ſtitch of clothes I had, and left me this trumpery in their ſtead.

Oldp. Now, if this be true.

Med. To convince you it is fact, give me ten guineas and I'll run to the next ware-houſe, diſpoſe of my preſent wardrobe, and equip myſelf like an Engliſhman.

Oldp. No, that won't do; if you went into the ſtreet in this trim, perhaps the mob would roll you in the dirt. But, don't be diſpirited, for I'll fit you, I warrant.

Med. Now ſhall I be confined to my chamber till ſome damn'd botch makes a beaſt of me. *(aſide.)*

Oldp. You muſt know, honeſt Medly, that, ſince I came to town, I have loſt ſo much fleſh that my drab cloth coat, and double breaſted pluſh waiſtcoat, are too wide for me; now theſe, with a grey perriwig, which I intended to return the barber, and a hat, which I had bruſhed and put by, you ſhall have.

Med. Dreſs me in a drab coat, pluſh waiſtcoat, and grey perriwig!

Oldp. Have you an objection?

Med. I ſhall look like a bailiff.

Oldp. Do I look like a bailiff, ſirrah?

Med. Sir, you have a reſpectable appearance in any dreſs; but, conſider how little I am indebted to nature.

Oldp. Mere humility.

Med. Your ſon will laugh at me.

Oldp. When you are equip'd like an Engliſhman, you may laugh at him. Hoa! Sampſon. *(Sampſon enters)* Lay hold on this gentleman, and conduct him—

Samp. To the pump, for the honour of England.

Oldp.

Oldp. No, to the blue garret, where we will uncaſe him for the honour of England.

Med. I hope, Sir, you'll take care of my clothes; they coſt deux cent livres à Paris.

Oldp. On that account they ſhall be preſerved; they ſhall be ſtuff'd with ſtraw and hung up in my hall. March! troop, ſirrah! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Colonel Formal, Celinda, *and* Dorothea.

For. My dear Celinda, have you long obſerved this indiſpoſition of my friend?

Cel. Shortly after his arrival, I obſerved him melancholy, but attributed it to a ſerious diſpoſition.

For. The moſt volatile creature in the world! the ſoul of converſation, and with that gaiety of humour, which ever provokes riſibility, and never gives offence.

Dor. Then, take my word for it, he is in love.

For. Hah, it may be ſo!

Dor. I am convinced.

For. You have charms, Dorothea, that nothing but real ſtupidity could be inſenſible of; but, then your acquaintance is ſo recent.

Dor. I don't mean with me.

For. Why not?

Dor. If I had thought ſo, I'm ſure I ſhould not have told you.

For. Well urged: for a young woman who loves will, will—I declare I have forgot what I intended to ſay.

Dor.

Dor. Thirty years ago, uncle, you could have explained your meaning.

For. And, if I had heard but half what my friend has ſaid to you, on the ſubject, I could have better explain'd myſelf now.

Dor. But, he has not ſaid a civil thing to me, and I'm ſure I think him very diſagreeable.

For. I am now convinced. The lively, agreeable, Grandville is transformed to a timid, apprehenſive, victim of the blind God, and conſequently, the moſt diſagreeable of beings to an inſenſible miſtreſs; but, as I am anxious for his happineſs, and not leſs ſo for yours, you muſt pardon me, Dorothea, for endeavouring to diſcover the truth. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Celinda *and* Dorothea.

Dor. So!—My good uncle will be a go-between, whether I will or not; the office is quite commode for his years: love is nature at twenty, but a mere ſcience at fifty odd. What think you, Celinda?

Cel. What did you ſay, my dear?

Dor. Why, you are in the clouds! I am talking of love, and you are dreaming of matrimony. Come, rub your eyes and tell me, what think you of my uncle?

Cel. I believe he thinks that Grandville loves you.

Dor. But, I would have you to undeceive him.

Cel. I cannot. Why did you aſſign a reaſon for Grandville's illneſs?

Dor.

Dor. Why, it was wrong: but you were of the ſame opinion; nay, I recollect that you were the firſt who obſerved his melancholy, and imputed it to love, and ſaid you pitied him from your heart.

Cel. Did I ſay ſo?

Dor. Yes, you did; and I will tell my uncle directly.

Cel. Stay, Dorothea.—— I fear he does, indeed.

Dor. Pray, whom do you ſuppoſe?

Cel. Me.

Dor. You, Celinda! Why, he is the moſt ungenerous, treacherous——

Cel. Do not revile him, Dorethea, but learn to pity him as I do.

Dor. Then, you pity him!

Cel. Can I refuſe him pity? Heaven knows, the anxiety and pain I feel, to ſee his generous heart infected with a paſſion that ever muſt be hopeleſs—

Dor. And therefore criminal.

Cel. Love cannot be criminal, unleſs its flame is nurtured againſt reaſon, prudence, or religion; it is involuntary, and ſteals into the unguarded heart when leaſt ſuſpected: thus it has ſerved poor Grandville!—the civilities he ſhewed me, the cares he took to pleaſe me, he thought a debt to friendſhip; he ſtrove to calm the anxiety of my heart, but loſt his own.

Dor. poor young man, I pity him! and yet, I hope you do not love him, Celinda?

Cel. No, I do not: to love him would be ingratitude to him who expects and deſerves my hand;

hand; but to deny my pity, would be a crime that all my ſex, nay, the whole world, would hate me for! Now, Dorothea, if you love your friend, keep ſafe the dangerous ſecret, for while he imagines his weakneſs unſuſpected, we yet may hope his reaſon will recal him to himſelf; but, if he once ſuſpects his thoughts betrayed, ſhame and remorſe may ——

SCENE VIII.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Heavens! I am frighten'd out of my wits. This is a very Bedlam! Well, how do you do? Lord, what's the meaning of this? ſo grave! In tears I believe!—Dorothea, ſure this crazy old man han't beat you.

Dor. My father!

Mar. Yes, in a ſad paſſion, and ſaid the rudeſt things! I had much ado to eſcape him. Celinda, explain the cauſe of this ſolemnity: I fancy I have offended Dorothea, by calling her father's intellects in queſtion, and ſhan't have an anſwer this half hour.

Cel. Excuſe, her, madam; her uncle, Colonel Formal, is return'd.

Mar. And ſhe has been ſhedding tears on the joyful occaſion. Ha, ha, ha! Now it would be more characteriſtic in you.

Cel. In me!

Mar. Yes, ſurely; you are ſoon to become a bluſhing bride; and, I fancy, muſt bid adieu to laughter till the day of widowhood.

Cel. Madam, your ſarcaſm is miſapplied, colonel Formal is——

Mar.

Mar. The moſt agreeable elderly gentleman I ever knew in my life; and will be the charmingeſt creature in flannel!

Cel. Inſupportable! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Mar. What a huff I have put poor Celinda into.

Dor. Indeed, Maria, it was not polite or kind.

Mar. I am ſorry for it; but I love to plague people who are to be married, for afterwards one cannot with propriety, they are ſo employed in tormenting each other.

Dor. And with theſe ſentiments, you are to be my ſiſter.

Mar. What a childiſh concluſion! Shall I let you know my mind?

Dor. If you are acquainted with it, I ſhould be glad you'd introduce me.

Mar. Our intimacy is but recent; and, leſt any coolneſs ſhould happen, I'll introduce you. I tell you, Dorothea, when I was a ſilly, country miſs, I was as domeſtic in my notions as you are; but, ſince I have breathed the magic air of London, which inſpires even Hymen's ſlaves with freedom—lord, I am quite another being!

Dor. So I think. But have you not gratitude? You know my brother loves you, and proved his affection ſincere, by riſquing his life in defence of your reputation.

Mar. Well, I thanked him very politely.

Dor. Nay, you did more; you promiſed to reward him with your hand, as ſoon as you came

of

of age, and his circumſtances permitted his return.

Mar. Pſha! I was then under age; and, my lawyer informs me, minors engagements are not binding.

Dor. What will the world ſay of your conduct?

Mar. Approve it. I have taken the opinion of the whole town: my lady Almony tells me, it would be madneſs to think of a perſon of his diſpoſition; that I ſhould never have an hour's peace with him, nor the chance of a handſome miantenance without him. And, Mrs. Sable, (who keeps the beſt company in town, and has buried three huſbands) ſays that her firſt connexions was with a perſon of exactly the ſame diſpoſition, who never let her to town but once a year, on an odious occaſion, and then hurried her immediately back to the country; ſo that, for ſix years ſhe had not a ſingle day ſhe could call her own. My dear creature, I could tell you of a hundred warnings I have had from my female friends, beſides an infinity of ſhrewd hints from polite male acquaintances.

Dor. If your notions of matrimonial happineſs are really ſuch as you deſcribe them, I ſhould not be ſorry to ſee you deſpoſe of your hand to one of thoſe polite male acquaintances.

Mar. The pleaſanteſt beings in the world! loſe their money ſo civilly, are ſo attentive, and ſay and do ſuch pretty ridiculous things, as would almoſt perſuade one to venture; but, they look too like men, and I hate the ſex.

Dor.

Dor. But, with ſo many perfections, you might excuſe ſo ſlight a fault.

Mar. True. But human nature is ſo ſubject to imperfection, as my dear doctor Leveé remarks, that I am induced to fear that, they who exhibit ſo many bewitching graces before marriage, might fail in being as attentive as one could wiſh afterwards. What a giddy creature I am! do you recollect, you are to be at my lady Tweedle's morning concert?

Dor. I really had forgot. An't we too late?

Mar. We ſhall be rather early; it is but turn'd of three. Come, my carriage is at the door. I ſuppoſe the grave lady, your aunt that is to be, won't come.

Dor. Indeed, Maria, you have too much offended her to expect it.

Mar. Shedding tears of joy over her return'd lord! Ah, mon dieu, c'eſt l'amour! ha, ha, ha! Allons ma chere amie. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Tavern.*

Tom Oldprank *and* Townly, *as riſing from table.*

Townly.

THEN you imagined your father to be really dead. Ha, ha, ha! what a whimſical old fellow! Has it never entered your thoughts to apply to the Chancellor for a writ of lunacy?

Tom. Againſt my father!

Town. Yes; I think you might ſucceed.

Tom. Believe me, Townly, that nothing could give me more real concern than his inſanity, or his death.

Town. You are ſingular in your principles.

Tom. Perhaps you will think me ridiculouſly ſo, when I tell you, I love and reverence him: from my childhood, I have not only participated in his friendſhip, but in his extravagancies. No auſtere, reſerved conduct has taught me to feel a ſlaviſh dependence on parental deſpotiſm; nor made me long for freedom at the expence of filial duty. I acknowledge, I ſometimes wiſh he had leſs encouraged me in a conduct which the world thinks vicious; but, when I reflect that a want of reverence and love, for him who gave me being, is not among the number of my vices, I feel a pride which raiſes me above the world's opinion.

Town.

Town. Faith, Tom, your father is well rewarded for his indulgence; but you'll forgive my indiſcretion, when you recollect that mine was quite the reverſe of him.

Tom. And, therefore, you thought his death the happy period of a ſlaviſh dependence, and abuſed power; the conſequence of which was, you plunged into expence that has injured your fortune, and, perhaps, will die a bachelor, leſt your poſterity ſhould have as little filial love for you, as you had for your father.

Town. Hold, Tom; I am not quite as bad as you imagine. Since I perceive I am not in danger of being laughed at, I freely acknowledge I have taken a ſerious reſolution to retrieve my affairs, and as ſerious a one to—

Tom. Marry!

Town. Yes, marry.

Tom. I preſume the laſt reſolve is in conſequence of the firſt. A humiliating reſource, Ned.

Town. You miſtake; the firſt is to ſecure my happineſs in the ſecond.

Tom. You have fallen in love with ſome damn'd extravagant town toaſt, and, like a wiſe ſtateſman, are planning your reſources before you begin the conteſt.

Town. When you know her, I expect you'll applaud my circumſpection.

Tom. Can you tell what ſhe may be? the women of this age are excellently adapted for miſtreſſes, but the devil for wives; beſides, few of them chuſe the ſtate, unleſs the lover is rich and a fool.

Town.

Town. I have the preſumption to expect that I ſhall be as agreeable to her, as ſhe is to me.

Tom. She muſt love you!

Town. I muſt think ſo, ere we meet.

Tom. Take my advice: if ſhe has a guardian, bribe him; if in the care of a mother, get her a gallant, ſo bribe her; if the father is to be managed, I'll lend you all the title-deeds of our eſtate to trick him; but never dream of love, for they ſeldom feel its influence but under the age of ſixteen, or at above fifty.

Town. I have fixed my heart on eighteen.

Tom. Then you have a hundred rivals to contend with, all of whom have better pretenſions and more intereſt. You have the court, opera, maſquerade, concerts, regattas, balls, and all the concomitants of diſſipation which poſſeſs the heart of a girl of eighteen.

Town. With your ſupport, I have courage to face them all.

Tom. You have it. Pray, who are we to attempt?

Town. Your ſiſter.

Tom. What, Dorothea! are you acquainted?

Town. Not as intimately as I could wiſh; for there is a modeſt ſhyneſs in her manner that baffles all my endeavours at familiarity.

Tom. Pſha, I'll ſoon make you better acquainted.

Town. Beſides, ſhe is ever in company with a handſome coquette, that ſeems to have a deſign on me.

Tom. She is acquainted with your deſign, and diverts herſelf at your expence.

Town.

Town. I know it. Now, if you would undertake to charm this dragon.

Tom. Charm her; charm her!—I cannot promiſe that; but I can frighten her out of her wits. Who is ſhe?

Town. She is but ſix or ſeven months in town, and came from her native ſolitude as gracefully baſhful as Dorothea, but is now the reverſe, and followed by every fop in town;—ſhe is call'd Maria.

Tom. Maria! and followed by every fop in town!

Town. You know her, then.

Tom. Not as well as you do; tho' ſhe came from our neighbourhood.

Town. As you have promiſed me your ſiſter's favour, I ſhall, in ſome meaſure, return the obligation, by aſſiſting you to hers.

Tom. Can you make ſo free?

Town. I frequently breakfaſt with her, and am often permitted to attend her at her toilet.

Tom. What, tête-à-tête?

Town. I might almoſt ſay it: there are Sir Simon Crochet, Lord Spondee, and a few other fools have the ſame indulgence.

Tom. Zounds, at her toilet!

Town. Ha, ha, ha! From France, and a ſtranger to the liberties which politeneſs authorizes!

Tom. But in England this is imprudence.

Town. The contrary, in my opinion. There was a time when a game of romps was an innocent amuſement; nay, one might have ſnatched a dozen kiſſes at the expence of a little

tle pouting or a ſlap in the face; now the whole is prudently reverſed: romping diſcompoſes dreſs and begets ſuſpicion; and kiſſing might diſcover a breath tainted by diſſipation, or diſorder a cheek bluſhing with rouge; to recompenſe us for theſe reſtraints, we are at once ſhewed to the dreſſing-room, and ſometimes have the liberty of breakfaſting at a bed-ſide.

Tom. Where, as the lady is neither painted, or dreſſed, a little romping may be permited.

Enter a Waiter.

Wai. A gentleman below ſtairs inquires for Mr. Oldprank.

Tom. Has he ſent his name?

Wai. No, Sir. He is an elderly gentleman, in a plain coat, and grey full-bottom'd wig.

Tom. Shew him up. [*Exit Waiter.*] It is my father; I wonder how he has found us out.

Town. Now, fall on your knees, and play the farce of the return'd prodigal.

Tom. A hearty hug and ſhake of the hand will do. Townly, he loves his bottle; if you wiſh to ſucceed with my ſiſter, you muſt drink yourſelf into his favour.—My dear father—
(*Enter Medly.*)

SCENE II.

Eh! who have we here?

Med. What, Tom!—Odſo, I'm glad to ſee you, Tom! ſhake hands, Tom.

Tom.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha!

Town. A ſtrange reception! (*aſide.*)

Tom. What a ridiculous figure! ha, ha!

Med. I'll ſpoil your mirth, you graceleſs:—your father is ſtill living.

Tom. Ecce ſignum. Ha, ha, ha!

Med. You ſmell a rat, do you? Is there any thing in the bottle? Hoa, Waiter! (*enter Waiter.*)

Tom. Mix this gentleman ſome wine and water, very ſmall.

Med. Damn wine and water! another bottle, Sir. [*exit Waiter*] Ay, ay, he's alive. (*filling his glaſs*) May this poiſon me if I forgive him. (*drinks*)

Town. Tom, who is this?

Tom. My coxcomb tutor.

Town. Ha, ha, ha! Juſt from your father's hands.

Tom. Monſieur, comment ſe porte mon pere?

Med. Damn French! (*ſtopping his ears*) I don't underſtand it; I cannot ſpeak it; I was near being ruined by it.

Tom. Then, in plain Engliſh, is my father well?

Med. He will bring your grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave. I ſet out in high ſpirits with the thoughts of his death.

Tom. How, raſcal!

Med. If you interrupt me, I'm dumb.

Tom. Either be ſo, or ſpeak reſpectfully of my father.

Med.

Med. The firſt perſon I met with was that dog, Sampſon, who told me that the Colonel had juſt arrived; gave me an account of your father's funeral; and the hypocritical villain whimpered like a girl.

Tom. And you join'd in the lamentation.

Med. I wiſh I had. He told me he would bring me to your ſiſter, but the knave brought me into a room where Sir Gilbert was concealed, and overheard every word of our converſation.

Tom. And rewarded you as you deſerved.

Med. I made an excellent defence; told him you were worſe than ever, and that my dreſs, which diſpleaſed him curſedly, was your contrivance.

Tom. But, if I undeceive him—

Med. I ſhall be kick'd out of doors.

Town. That would be a crime, Mr. Medly, after the pains you have taken to improve my friend.

Med. Abſolute ingratitude. I am ſure he cannot charge me with ſpoiling him, for, from the moment we left Dover, I followed the example of other preceptors, and reſigned him to his own inventions.

Town. Was it not your duty to adviſe, inform, and inſtruct?

Med. Quite exploded, Sir. Formerly it was requiſite to do ſo, and to be profoundly ſkill'd in antient hiſtory; now a ſmattering of the Belles-lettres, the preſent ſtate of the faſhions, etiquette of modern honour, and the addreſs to attract all quarrels from the pupil to his guide, make up the

the whole duty of a tutor. Sir, in the firſt fortnight, I was impriſoned, worried by a ſhepherd's dog, and run through and through the—great coat.

Town. Ha, ha, ha!

Med. But, 'ſquire; you muſt take care of yourſelf; ſome one has calumniated you in your abſence.

Tom. Calumniated me!

Med. Yes; told Sir Gilbert that you were a reformed, ſober fellow, and fond of men of genious; I ſwore it was a dam'd lie, but he would not believe me.

Tom. Well, go change your clothes, and meet me at Colonel Formal's.

Med. I am to do penance in this dreſs, until you prove you are as well diſpoſed for miſchief as before we left home. For God's ſake, break all the windows as we go along, that we may be attended by a retinue of conſtables.

Tom. You are mad! I am convinced my father ſent me abroad to improve my judgment and reform my manners, and I ſhall not diſappoint him.

Med. You are mad if you think ſo. Your opinion, Mr. Townly?—is it to be ſuppoſed, if that was Sir Gilbert's deſign, he would have ſent me with him?

Town. A ſtrong argument, Tom.

Tom. Well, get you on before me to the Colonel's. [*Exit Medly.*] Townly, call on me in the evening, and I'll introduce you to my ſiſter.

Town. Your aſſiſtance gives life to my hopes.

Tom. Hopes! mention the word again and I'll reſign you to your hopes. The man I patroniſe muſt have confidence, courage, ſpirit!

Town. You have given me all.

Tom. Then don't be afraid of ſpoiling her clothes, or bruſhing off her complexion.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Formal's *Houſe.*

Colonel Formal, *and Sir* Gilbert Oldprank.

For. Sir Gilbert, I have deſired to ſpeak with you on an affair that gives me infinite concern.

Oldp. And concerns me, perhaps.

For. It does indeed. My poor friend, Grandville, whoſe heart is proof to every vice, which others of his years are ſubject to, is yet infected with a weakneſs I fear you will not approve of.

Oldp. Probable enough.

For. Yet, you muſt hear it patiently; and, tho' you diſapprove, you muſt forgive.

Oldp. I never forgive a thing I diſapprove.

For. But, ſuppoſe it did not actually deſerve your cenſure.

Oldp. Then, why ſhould I diſapprove it?

For. I know no reaſon; but then, my friend, your notions are ſomewhat ſingular, and there is a ſort of involuntary crime which parents are apt to think too hardly of; I mean inconſiderate love.

Oldp. Love! love! what the devil is that to me?

For.

For. You are concern'd, Sir Gilbert; my young friend loves, and loves imprudently.

Old. Indeed!

For. I know it.

Oldp. Whew!—Here are rare doings! Did you knock his teeth down his throat?

For. No, I pity him; and when I reflect on the powerful attractions his virtue had to contend with, I almoſt forgive him.

Oldp. That's more than I could do. Why I have ſuſpected this buſineſs for ſometime paſt.

For. Did you take any ſtep to prevent it?

Oldp. It was an out-o'-the-way affair for me to meddle in, ſo I let it reſt till you ſhould come home.

For. You receive it with a temper I ſhould not have expected.

Oldp. I am not eaſily put into a paſſion; beſides, I don't think the matter quite ſo bad as if it had happened ſome time hence; but, if you can forgive him, I am ſure I have no right to oppoſe your will.

For. You have made me happy! and, to ſhew you that I ſhall not be outdone in geneſity, I will immediately aſſign him a handſome proviſion on my eſtate.

Oldp. Pſha! that is carrying generoſity too far.

For. By no means. Now, with what I mean to ſettle, and what your daughter is entitled to—

Oldp. My daughter!—My Dolly!

For. I think ſhe likes him.

Oldp.

Oldp. It's a lie! a damn'd lie! what, in love with a fellow whom no body knows! a knapſack carrier! a dog that was never in poſſeſſion of more land than a markee could cover, and that only held at will on a forcible entry. Zounds, you are mad!

For. Sir Gilbert, I am not uſed to hear ſuch language, and nothing but my friendſhip for you, and my connexion with your family, could make it excuſable.

Oldp. Blood! would it not make any man wild, that ſuch a puppy ſhould fall in love with his daughter, and have the impudence to acknowledge it?

For. He did not acknowledge he loved my niece, altho' I preſſed him much; but, from obſervation, and his not abſolutely denying it, I make no doubt that ſhe is the object of his wiſhes.

Oldp. So, ſo!—I have it, I have it! a fine piece of buſineſs, this! Ha, ha, ha! Excuſe me for laughing; faith I can't help it, ha, ha! Why, you have been all this time yelping on a wrong ſcent.

For. You amaze me! Can you put me right?

Oldp. That I can.—Soho! Celinda!

For. Hah!—I fear it. (*aſide.*)

Oldp. What think you of young gravity? Would my boy Tom be ſuch a ſcoundrel?

For. Spare me, Sir Gilbert: this diſcovery has ſtruck a dagger in me. I muſt know more. [*Exit.*

Oldp. I am now convinced that every grave fellow is a hypocrite, and that real honour and honeſty

honeſty is not to be found with the owner of a ſerious face: If a man looks for true hoſpitality, he may naturally expect to find it where the chimnies ſmoke, and where the gate ſtands wide open: whilſt the manſion, whoſe door is carefully attended by a porter, and whoſe owner behaves like a maſter of the ceremonies, promiſes no other fare than the air which whiſtles through its ſaloons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Tom *and* Medly.

Tom. My honoured father. (*kneeling*).

Oldp. Ha, Tom! ſhake hands, man.—Pſha! ſtand up; I am neither crowned nor canonized.

Tom. To obey you is my duty, Sir. (*riſing.*)

Oldp. Now thou haſt got on thy legs, ſhake hands, I ſay. Pox o'ceremony! how doſt do, boy? ant' you glad to ſee Old England again?

Tom. And happy to ſee the beſt of parents alive, and well in health.

Oldp. Thank you, thank you, Tom. Well, have you provided any monſieur with an heir? or left any of their wenches with a thick waiſt and aching heart; Eh, you rogue?

Tom. If I had, Sir, I ſhould have miſapplied my time.

Oldp. True, Tom; for their wenches are no more to be compared to ours, than a brown fricaſie is to a ſurloin of beef: I am told they are ſhut up in convents, where they are kept till

till they are ſtale, and what the church chooſes to reject, is then cook'd up for the laity. Well, how did you paſs your time, Tom?

Tom. In ſuch manner, Sir, as I flatter myſelf will merit your approbation; in ſtudying men and manners; comparing the virtues and vices of my native country with thoſe of other nations, that I might adopt what I approved in others, and correct what I found vicious in myſelf.

Oldp. Get out of the houſe, you ſcoundrel! (*to Medly.*)

Med. May it pleaſe your worſhip——

Oldp. It does not pleaſe my worſhip, ſirrah.

Tom. I hope, Sir, my conduct has not diſpleaſed you.

Oldp. It does diſpleaſe me, Sir.—To have all my hopes thus croſſed! My expectations blaſted!—Harky, Tom; am I really to believe what you tell me, or is it only to perplex your father? a little fun; a little waggiſhneſs: I can forgive it, Tom; 'egad I can, and laugh at it.

Tom. Pardon me, Sir; I know too well the duty that becomes a ſon, to make my parent the ſubject of miſapplied mirth.

Oldp. Very fine! I ſee my woods cutting into viſtos; my acres turning into pictures, and obſcene ſtone images!—Sirrah! (*to Medly*) why did you not ſend me an account of this?

Med. Dam' me, Sir, if there is a word of ſerious truth in what he tells you!

Tom. How, villain!

Oldp. No interruption, Tom; I'll hear him out.

Med.

Med. A wager, Sir, between your ſon and Mr. Townly.

Tom. It's falſe! an infamous lie!

Oldp. I love to hear an infamous lie. Proceed, friend.

Med. Your ſon, Sir, was telling Mr. Townly, Sir, what an agreeable, comical old gentleman your worſhip was; and how you loved to encourage youth in innocent miſchief, becauſe it preſerved them from connexions with ſober, learned men (who are very apt to adviſe young fellows to exchange acres for libraries, and venerable oaks for worthleſs curioſities) and, that if you imagined he kept ſuch ill company, or was become what the world calls a man of taſte, you would diſinherit him, and turn me adrift.

Tom. But, hear me, Sir.

Oldp. In your turn, Sir.—Well, the wager.

Med. All this Mr. Townly diſbelieved; ſo, your ſon ſtaked a haunch of veniſon and three dozen of burgandy, that, before to-morrow, he would make you reſolve to diſinherit him, and actually ſend me packing, by only pretending to be a reformed young man.

Oldp. Curſe on you, you dog! why did you tell me till he had won his wager? Get out of the room, Sir! away, you blabbing blockhead!

[*Exit Medly.*

SCENE V.

Come, Tom; we are now by ourſelves. 'Egad, you are a comical rogue! He, he, he!—Faith,

Faith, you carried it rarely! We'll invite two or three honeſt fellows—

Tom. I am ſorry, Sir, you ſhould think me capable of—

Oldp. Piha, nonſenſe! I can enjoy a joke as well as another. Townly ſhan't know a word of it.

Tom. Can you ſuppoſe me ſo baſe, Sir, as to make your reverend years a ſubject for empty mirth? To ſacrifice filial reſpect to the hateful vice of gambling! No, Sir, ſuch conduct was hardly excuſable, when inexperience hurried me into inconſiderate error; I now look back with horror on my paſt miſconduct, and am reſolved to attone for it by an entire reformation of manners.

Oldp. And, is there no wager?

Tom. None, indeed, Sir.

Oldp. You are then really reformed?

Tom. Elſe I ſhould merit your juſt diſpleaſure.

Oldp. And, you have ſpent your time with ſober, learned men?

Tom. I ſtrove to deſerve their friendſhip.

Oldp. And connoiſſeurs, who give a thouſand guineas for an Alcibiades' dog?

Tom. Men of taſte, Sir, deſerve reſpect.

Oldp. Would they were all hanged in feſtoons at Tyburn!—Don't provoke me, Tom: unſay every ſyllable you have utterd, or by the Lord Harry; I'll diſinherit you.

SCENE.

SCENE VI.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. My deareſt brother, welcome. (*Embracing.*)

Oldp. Don't touch him, Doll; don't go near him, I ſay! blood, he will infect you, Doll!

Dor. What means my father?

Oldp. The dog will break my heart, Dolly. An ungrateful, undutiful raſcal!—Will ſpend my eſtate on books and pictures, and ſtocks and ſtones; fill my rooms with naked Venuſes, dutch weddings, pagan deities, and popiſh miracles; and pack all his anceſters into the lobby and ſervants hall; but, damn me, if he ſhall! I'll marry and diſinherit him.

Dor. Dear brother, why would you diſpleaſe my father?

Tom. I have ſtudied, Dorothea, to deſerve his love.

Oldp. You lie, you ſcoundrel! you have ſtudied to break my heart; but you ſhan't; no, no, I am tough, ſirrah. Don't go near him, Dolly; he has brought home the plague with him; he would infect you, child, and I might perhaps, live to ſee you driven in a hackney coach with a broken officer on each ſide of you.

Dor. Bleſs me! have I deſerved ſuch language?

Oldp. No, you are a good child; but, he is an undutiful ſcoundrel. Now, Sir, as you are become a ſober, reformed man, I ſuppoſe you have learned œconomy; you'll want it, Sir, I promiſe you; for I will caſt you off, and

marry. There is Mrs. Deborah Windfall—— no, I'll not marry Deborah:—or one of parſon Tithpig's ſix daughters——their mother never had a ſon—Zounds! ſooner than want an heir, I'll advertize for a curate's widow under thirty. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha! I could hardly contain; ha, ha!

Dor. For Heaven's ſake, brother—

Tom. Kiſs me, you prudiſh baggage.—An't you glad to ſee me, Dorothea?

Dor. Oh lord! you have ſpoil'd my hair. Has the miſchief poſſeſſed you to vex my father ſo?

Tom. Never was out of me, ſiſter. I am as well and as hearty, and as well-diſpoſed to play the devil as ever.

Dor. I hope you may not have cauſe to repent your folly.

Tom. Never fear, girl; I ſhall get five hundred guineas by this day's work. Tell me, Dorothea, how many admirers have you got? What honeſt fellow's heart aches?

Dor. Ridiculous! I have no admirers.

Tom. Don't fib, Dorothea, I may detect you. When did you ſee honeſt Ned Townly?

Dor. Mr. Townly!—Sure he is a witch. (*aſide.*)

Tom. You are caught; I am in the ſecret, you ſee. Tell me, don't you love him?

Dor.

Dor. I love him! I hope he is not ſo vain as to think I love him?

Tom. He does not think ſo, tho' he is worthy of your love. Come, tell me honeſtly, don't you like him?

Dor. Why ſhould I tell you?

Tom. Becauſe I'll tell him again, and ſave you the trouble of declaring it in dumb ſhew, and him the plague of making wrong interpretations.

Dor. Thank you, brother; and, when I can diſcover that Maria loves you, I'll return the compliment.

Tom. O, I have heard of her doings; ſhe is become a finiſhed coquette; receives viſits at her toilet, gives breakfaſts to male friends, and is followed by every fop in town!

Dor. Who, the duce, could have told you?

Tom. A little French devil that I have hired by the month; who tells me I have ſtill a place in her heart, but ſo crouded with the flattery of coxcombs, faſhionable amuſements, love of conqueſt, and a hundred other rivals, as will coſt me a week's labour to diſperſe them.

Dor. You may find it more difficult than you imagine.

Tom. If I do, I ſhall reſign my pretenſions; for the woman who can prefer the unmeaning adulation of fools, to the ſubſtantial good of domeſtic happineſs, deſerves to be left till her wrinkles and affectation become the gibe of puny ſpinſters, and her reputation is defamed by the boaſting of antiquated coxcombs.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Maria.

Tom. Hah, my charming girl! (*kiſſing her*) What, a ſlap in the face!

Mar. Intolerable inſolence!

Tom. Is this a reception for a lover?

Mar. Your rudeneſs deſerv'd no better.

Tom. Do you think I'll forgive it?

Mar. When I require it you will.

Tom. Your humility might ſoften me.

Mar. Impudence!—Dorothea, am I in company with a ſavage?

Dor. Forgive him, Maria; 'tis his ſtrange way, and he did not intend to offend. Brother, aſk Maria's pardon; I am ſure her goodneſs will overlook an impropriety, if you acknowledge your fault.

Tom. Will ſhe be ſo condeſcending?

Dor. 'Tis at leaſt your duty to aſk it.

Tom. You really think me in the wrong?

Dor. I do indeed; you have been very rude.

Tom I ſubmit.—Madam, can you forgive a wretch who has deſervedly merited your indignation; one whoſe life exiſts but in your ſmiles, and whoſe fault was the reſult of intemperate joy?

Mar. Do you mean to add inſult to rudeneſs?

Tom. No, Maria, I do not: I love you, and fear your indignation more than death. Tell me, may I hope for pardon?

Mar. Deſerve it, Sir.

Tom.

Tom. I ſhall endeavour; and, when I offend again, let me feel the ſevereſt puniſhment you can inflict—refuſe to love me.

Mar. To love you! I beg you will not flatter yourſelf with ſuch a notion. Love you!

Tom. But, ſay your cruelty denies me love, yet ſuffer me to think myſelf among the number of your admirers.

Mar. I conſent, provided you conduct yourſelf as properly as others.

Tom. And permitted to be more particular to you, in public, than to other women.

Mar. You muſt not take offence, if I treat others with the ſame indulgence.

Tom. Shall I have the freedom which you permit to Sir Simon Crotchet, Lord Spondee, and many other coxcombs, of ſometimes attending your toilet?

Mar. Hah!—You ſhall have it; you will be an acquiſition to the group.

Tom. So!—And to declare my paſſion by a ſonnet, or a ſerenade?

Mar. What a ridiculous, old-faſhioned thought! Well you may ſerenade; I am paſſionately fond of muſic.

Tom. May I be permitted this night?

Mar. All the beſt inſtruments will be at the maſquerade.

Tom. The band I ſhall engage will not.

Mar. Then your band muſt be as odious as their employer. Pray who are to compoſe it?

Tom. All the drums of the firſt regiment of guards.

Mar. Heavens!

Tom. Aſſiſted by a dozen barrel-organs.

Mar.

Mar. Inſolent!—Sir, I deſire never to ſee you more; and, if you attempt to inſult me—I have friends.

Tom. Not one that dare venture his flimſy perſon in your quarrel. Have I not followed you, loved you, and even fought for you? and did you not acknowledge I deſerved you; nay, that you loved me, and promiſed to reward me with your hand? theſe were your laſt declarations on quitting my native country to avoid the conſequence of a quarrel on your account; and ſuch were the ſentiments of your heart, before you breathed the contaminating air of the town. Now hear me: I am reſolved you ſhall be mine; not by becoming the obſequious coxcomb you would wiſh, but by purſuing you as an injured lover ought.

Mar. Will you deſtroy my reputation?

Tom. No; but I will haunt you in your amuſements, affront the demireps of your acquaintance, quarrel with every coxcomb you are civil to, and play you ſo many miſchievous tricks as will afford full employment to the public retailers of ſcandal, and make you be avoided by every one, till you are glad to fly to me for refuge.

Mar. Heavens! have I deſerved this treatment?

Dor. For God's ſake, brother!—you have put Maria into tears.

Tom. Let her treat me as ſhe ought, and we yet are friends.

Mar. You dare not uſe me thus, if my father lived.

Tom.

Tom. If he had lived you ſtill would have been as I firſt knew you. Come, dry your eyes; and as the firſt inſtance of your reformation, give me your hand.

Mar. No, never!

Tom. Take care, Maria.

Mar. I now deſpiſe and hate you, and am reſolved to ſuffer ten thouſand ills, rather than give my hand to one whoſe imprudence ſhews what I ſhould endure if I were his wife. [*Exit.*

Tom. This is ſomewhat beyond my expectation—

But ſhall a woman's rage ſtop my deſign?
No, boldly I'll purſue till ſhe is mine.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Doctor Hemloc *and an* Apothecary.

Hemloc.

THIS is a very ſtrange family.

Apoth. So that a family be ſickly and opulent, I never concern myſelf with its oddities.

Heml. But, I am neglected.

Apoth. Not fee'd!

Heml. No.

Apoth. Very remiſs, I confeſs! you muſt ſtep up ſtairs again, to look for your gloves; or ſuppoſe you were to follow doctor Anodyne's method.

Heml. What, copy after that blockhead!

Apoth. A wiſe man may learn of a fool: tho' an aſs at a preſcription, he is an adept at extracting a fee. Now his method is this: when the family are inattentive, or are not in the way, the doctor ſlips his right hand into the ſtring of his cane, and, as he ſlides down ſtairs, he draws it, rap, rap, rap, after him.

Heml. Ha, ha, ha! very good! Bleſs me! I have been betrayed into a loud laugh.—Mr. Bliſter, let this be adminiſtered immediately. *(giving the pres.)* And now for doctor Anodyne.

Apoth. Let me ſee. *(reads it)* Deviliſh powerful!

Heml.

Heml. The patient is ſtrong, and ſeems to have no actual bodily complaint; his mind indeed ſeems affected, and, when that is the caſe, it becomes the duty of a ſkilful phyſician to divert the diſtemper, which cannot be effected but by bringing the body into a ſimilar ſituation.

Apoth. May it not endanger his life?

Heml. There is no anſwering for the accidents which happen in the practice of medicine; we do our duty when we follow the moſt faſhionable hypotheſis.

Apoth. But one's reputation—

Heml. Seldom injured by the death of a patient; on the contrary, I have ſometimes found it an advantage.

Apoth. Really!

Heml. As for example. When a patient dies, the general inquiry is, "who attended him?" his heirs anſwer, "he had the very beſt advice poſſible," and his phyſician is always named; but if the patient recovers, the phyſician is ſeldom mentioned, and the recovery is, perhaps, attributed to ſome quack recipe, or a change of conſtitution.

Apoth. Doctor, theſe very quack recipes are no bad article at any ſhop; why, ſome weeks, I get more by them than by the faculty.

Heml. Do you countenance them?

Apoth. Ready money.

Heml. Are they not the very bane of ſociety?

Apoth. Ready money, Sir.

Heml. An't we continually writing againſt them?

Apoth. They are ready money, nevertheleſs.

Heml. And for what purpoſe?

Apoth. To recommend yourſelves to the town.

Heml. Your inſolence deſerves the ſevereſt puniſhment the faculty can inflict. Sir, I will———

Apoth. Conſider of it before you make an apothecary your enemy. Who recommends you? who introduces you? who cries up your reputation?—the apothecary. If you had a Sir before your name, and had got into the court calendar, this language might—I hear ſomebody.

Heml. Huſh! another time, Mr. Bliſter.

SCENE II.

Enter Colonel Formal.

For. Gentlemen, I am glad to meet with you. Pray, what is your opinion of my friend?

Heml. Why truly, Sir, I am much concerned to tell you, the patient has an alarming pulſe, and ſeveral other bad feveriſh ſymptoms.

For. Then you ſuppoſe a fever, Sir?

Heml. That is the moſt favourable concluſion I can make, Sir: it is very difficult, as yet, to aſcertain his diſtemper.

For. Your practice, Sir, is generally confined to bodily infirmity; my friend ſuffers from a diſtempered mind, and is, I fear, beyond the power of medicine.

Heml. By no means, Sir! I ſhall convince you———

For.

For. I doubt not your abilities, Sir; and beg you will accept of this, as a token of my good opinion.

Apoth. There is no neglect, you ſee. *(aſide to Heml.)*

Heml. Sir, I ſhall be happy to oblige you; and, tho' it may not be in my power abſolutely to remove the diſtemper, I do not deſpair of preventing its moſt malignant effects. I recollect a remarkable caſe which—the patient was—hem! *(pulls out his watch)* God bleſs me! I ſhall be late! Sir, I wiſh you a good evening.

Apoth. Sir, your ſervant.

[*Exeunt Heml. and Apoth.*

For. This man is one of thoſe, who feel as little for the miſery of their fellow creature as a public executioner: his ſoul might have been once as compaſſionate as another's, but, by drawing a ſubſiſtence from human misfortune, every ſenſation of tenderneſs ſeems abſorbed by intereſt.

SCENE. III.

Enter Celinda.

Cel. I am told, Sir, that you have deſired to ſee me.

For. Yes, Celinda; and yet I fear to meet your eyes, as tho' I had offended you.

Cel. Offended me!

For. Be not alarmed, and hear me patiently.—When I firſt received you from your mother's hand, Celinda, parental tenderneſs and love ſeemed tranſferr'd with the gift; each

each day, with pleaſure, I beheld you improve in years and beauty, and, as a parent, wiſhed to ſee you happy. In your thirteenth year my duty called me from you, and I parted as a parent ſhould from a beloved child; in four years I returned, and found you grown to womanhood. Still anxious for your happineſs, I wiſhed to ſee you wedded to ſome deſerving man, whoſe age and virtues were conformable to your own; but whenever I propoſed you ſtill objected, and with ſuch juſt diſcernment and prudence, as ſhewed an underſtanding far above your years.

Cel But you at length propoſed, and I approved.

For. There lies my fault; my love grew to a frailty, which impoſed on your gratitude.

Cel. No; Heaven can witneſs for me!

For. I cannot diſbelieve you; but then, my reaſon tells me I ſhould have continued the parent. Oh, Celinda! I would to heaven your affections had been placed on one whoſe merit would have precluded my diſapprobation.

Cel. Surely you approved my choice.

For. I did. But when I reflect on my declining years, I diſapprove my conduct, and fear the world will think your youth, beauty, and virtues, a ſacrifice to dotage.

Cel. Have you no other argument?

For. Granville loves you.

Cel. Is that my fault?

For. Nor his, 'tis mine alone. When he has heard me ſpeak of you, with what earneſt attention has he liſtened; and how has his heart exulted at the thought of ſeeing his friend

bleſſed

bleſſed to the utmoſt of his wiſhes! thus did I influence his affections ere he ſaw you, without reflecting that love finds an eaſy entrance to a heart, by nature tender, generous, and compaſſionate. Can I then blame him for loving you?

Cel. Indeed I pity him.

For. Do you not more than pity him?

Cel. Hah!—what, love him?

For. Yes, love him. Speak your thoughts: I have erred as much in expoſing you to his merit, as I have in placing him within the power of yours, and I wiſh to make you reparation.

Cel. Continue then to love me.

For. I ever ſhall. But ſearch your heart, and, if you truly pity him, perſuade yourſelf you love, and make him happy.

Cel. Can you ſuppoſe he would accept my hand, in open violation of the laws of friendſhip, confidence, and gratitude?

For. If I forgive, who dare reproach him?

Cel. I dare!—If he has virtue, will he not refuſe me? if he accepts me, muſt I not deſpiſe him? But, you have recall'd me to that ſtate of filial obedience from which my folly lured me: yes, ſir, I ever ſhall love and obey you as a daughter ought, and as the firſt inſtance of returned duty, I ſhall acquaint him how much he is indebted to a tranſcendent friendſhip, that could renounce a fond, believing woman, to gratify the wiſhes of a ſtranger. [*Exit.*

For. Hold, Celinda!—Oh, I have fooled myſelf to wretchedneſs! am ſcorn'd! deſpis'd!—perhaps ſhe loves him, and I am but the dupe of female artifice: hah! could it be poſſible?

ſible?—I am not of a ſuſpicious temper; but, then her reſentment ſeem'd more than natural. I have ever found her to be reſerved and modeſt; and there is a delicacy in real love, a ſweet timidity of ſentiment, that ſhakes the reſolution of our ſex when we would ſpeak our thoughts; but woman muſt caſt off her very nature to venture on the taſk.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Gilbert Oldprank.

Oldp. Oh, Colonel, this boy is the devil! he will break my heart!—I begin to fear that he is not only a connoiſſeur, but a methodiſt.

For. For ſhame, Sir Gilbert!

Oldp. We had Ned Townly, who is an honeſt, comical rogue, and loves his glaſs—

For. Pardon me; I cannot hear you now.

Oldp. I'll not detain you five minutes.

For. You muſt excuſe me.

Oldp. Excuſe a fiddleſtick! why you have neither friendſhip nor brotherly love, if you refuſe to hear the complaint of a poor broken-hearted parent.

For. I cannot be of ſervice.

Oldp. The greateſt in the world, if you will follow my directions and adviſe my ſon.

For. Me adviſe him!

Oldp. I mean according to my directions.

For. That is,—contrary to my opinion and judgment.

Oldp. With all my heart. Now, Colonel, let him know that, unleſs he mends his manners,

ners, you are convinc'd I will diſinherit him; leave him as poor as a poet, and—

For. Marry, I preſume.

Oldp. Why, you may urge that too; tho' between you and me, Colonel, I am afraid it is rather late.—Ah, there was a time!—twenty years ago I'd ſtand face to face—What a pity a man of ſpirit ſhould grow old.

For. You are not too old to marry.

Oldp. I am young enough to make a jointure; pay for a licence; and I might put a tolerable face on the matter for a time; but—ah, it won't do!

For. You have changed your ſentiments very ſuddenly.

Oldp. Talk is cheap; mere talk: I can talk on the ſubject as well as ever. Have you no qualms at times, Colonel?

For. Eh, qualms; I don't comprehend you.

Oldp. Perhaps you think the more danger the more honour; but conſider, Colonel, the huſband has all the danger and the wife all the applauſe; and unleſs ſhe is ugly, 'tis five to one ſhe thinks it a merit. A very ſerious reflection, indeed.

For. Have you no better opinion of female conſtancy?

Oldp. Why, yes; there was poor Dick Evergreen—he was a claſs before me at Doctor Firkum's—married his ſecond wife in the fifty-ſixth year of his age: a fine girl indeed!—poor Dick! he loſt his heart in handing her over a ſtyle; wedded in a fortnight, and never was his own man afterwards—loſt his ſpirits; ſeemed to be bewitched; always dozing; and went off

in

in an epileptic fit, I think the phyſician called it. I never ſaw a more conſtant, affectionate wife! nay, the doctor declared, that, if ſhe had been leſs fond, poor Dick might have held out two years longer.

For. Pſha! let us talk on another ſubject. How am I to act with your ſon?

Oldp. Confound him! I puſhed the bottle about, in hopes he would throw away his formality; and honeſt Ned ſang us the *Old woman cloathed in grey*, better than I ever heard it ſung in my life.—" Why did you not take my ad-" vice and tie your two toes in a ſtring." 'Egad it did my heart good! but, as ſoon as he had ended, my gentleman ſtood up and ſaid, that—altho' my authority had compell'd him to inebriation, he could not reliſh mirth at the expence of ſenſe and decency. Ned laughed, and gave us a comical toaſt, and I was juſt about ordering my gentleman to troop, when he addreſſed me with—" Sir, I underſtand " that Mr. Townly pretends to my ſiſter, but, " I hope you have more regard for the hap-" pineſs of your child than to ſacrifice her to a " profligate."

For. He could not be ſerious.

Oldp. But, I'll make him ſerious, for honeſt Ned ſhall have her; and, if my puppy don't mend his manners, I'll ſettle my eſtate on their iſſue male.

For. I am now maſter of the ſubject, and ſhall take the firſt opportunity of reproving my nephew.

Oldp. Stay; I have not done yet.

For. I cannot hear you now.

Oldp.

Oldp. Only a word or two about the ſick fellow.

For. I know too much. [*Exit.*

Oldp. The devil, you do!—all is over, I ſee! I have loſt my ſon, and he his underſtanding. He will be a cuckold, and my ſon a virtuoſo. How to prevent theſe two calamities would puzzle a wiſer head than mine. I underſtand very well how to prevent things which may happen, and I am an aſs nevertheleſs, for they happen in ſpite of me. A curſed unlucky trip this has been to me! I'll collect my family and return to Prankhall; and honeſt Ned ſhall come alſo; he is a comical rogue! he will improve in my family; but, if he remained ſix months longer in town, he would grow as dull as an alderman.

Why did you not take my advice. [*Exit ſinging.*

SCENE V.

Tom, Townly, *and* Medly.

Tom. By the one half too ſober. (*Speaking as they enter.*) Hey! where are the women? we muſt beat about for the petticoats.

Town. Dear Tom, have a little decency.

Tom. We are not going to church. Hoa, Dolly! ſiſter Dolly!

Town. Zounds! I'll run out of the houſe.

Tom. You had beſt ſtay where you are till you perſuade Doll to run with you.

O Dolly, my dear,
Your true love is here.

(*Enter Sampſon.*) Where is my ſiſter, ſirrah?

Samp. Gone abroad.

Tom. And Miſs Celinda?

Samp. Yes, with Miſs Celinda. You know we are to have a wedding, ſo, I ſuppoſe they are gone to beſpake thingumbobs at the miliner's, for they have taken our Sucky with them.

Tom. Can you conduct this ſober gentleman to them?

Samp. If his honour will ſtay a bit, till I get my hat.

Town. He is joaking, Sampſon. Death, have you brought me here to make me ridiculous?

Tom. No; that is my ſiſter's province. Sampſon, bring a few more bottles.

Town. Not a drop more, for the world.

Tom. Drops are for women; bottles I ſay! bottles!

Samp. Dear Sir, you will diſturb the ſick gentleman above ſtairs.

Tom. A ſick man in the houſe!

Samp. Main bad, indeed. The doctors will be here preſently, and they ordered there ſhould not be no noiſe.

Tom. Medly, have we been in the ſtreet ſince we roſe from table?

Medly. I am a little out of my recollection at preſent.

Tom. I fancy we have rambled out of the houſe and got into an hoſpital.

Samp. No indeed, Sir; it is your uncle's houſe, and the ſick gentleman is captain Grandville.

Tom. Grandville! by Jove I recollect him.

Town. A very genteel young fellow, Tom.

Tom.

Tom. A very honeſt fellow, and my old acquaintance. Sampſon, can you tell what ails him?

Samp. A comical diſorder that, like bewitchment, can only be cured by a parſon;—love.

Tom. Run for the wine, you rogue!

Samp. O Lord! if you drink more you may do us all a miſchief.

Tom. The wine, I ſay! I am maſter of the houſe, and if you are diſobedient, I'll throw up the ſaſh and fling you into the ſtreet. [*Exit Sampſon.*] Townly, what think you of your rival?

Town. I am not without apprehenſion.

Tom. There is no danger; pity is the only reward of ſick lovers; and a woman's pity, like a miſer's advice, is ever beſtowed liberally, when there is no intention of giving any thing more ſolid. Come, ſhall we viſit the ſick?

Town. I have a ſtrange curioſity.

Tom. Curioſity, ha, ha, ha! I deſign to reſcue him from the water-gruel dealers. 'Tis wine and good-fellowſhip that can cure love; low diet but aggravates the diſtemper. Sampſon, the wine, ſirrah! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Grandville, *dreſſed in a nightgown, and reclined on a ſopha; he riſes and comes forward, as reading a letter.*

Grand. "The obligations I owe him forbid "every thought that could diſturb his peace; "then think not I can be capable of beſtowing "one

" one on him, whom I think guilty of ingrati-
" tude to a generous, unſuſpecting friend."—I am that wretch!—" Can you then ſuppoſe I
" will encourage a hope, whilſt I doubt you
" to be what, perhaps, it is your ambition I
" ſhould think you? reſolve on ſome alterna-
" tive. A man of honour will not ſuffer even
" an imputation of baſeneſs; neither is a ge-
" nerous lover capable of rendering the object
" of his wiſhes unhappy."—This dear, ambiguous letter has eaſed my heart of half its load of miſery. 'Tis plain ſhe wiſhes me to hope, and depends on me for an expedient to ſave both her honour and my own:—it muſt be abſence.—I am reſolved.

SCENE VII.

Enter Tom, Townly *and* Medly, *with bottles, &c.*

Tom. What, Frank! how doſt thou, man?

Grand. My friend Tom!

Tom. Yes, the beſt friend you have in the world: I have brought you an antidote againſt the poiſon of love; the very recipe Ariadne took by the advice of—'pon my ſoul I forget who adviſed her.

Grand. What have you there?

Tom. Burgundy; I take it as a preventative. Have you any objection?

Grand. I'll venture on a glaſs.

Tom. A bottle, man. Clear the table, boys. Away with thoſe emblems of mortality!—come, fill.—Do you know this fellow, Frank?

Grand. I cannot ſay I recollect the gentleman.

Tom.

Tom. Speak to him, ſir.

Med. I am ſorry to ſee you confined, ſir, but I hope we ſhall ſoon procure your liberty.

Grand. What, Mr. Medly!

Tom. Drink;—off with it. Does that promiſe?

Grand. Yes.

Tom. Then fill again.

Town. Hold, Tom; you may do miſchief.

Tom. Look at it, you pippin-ſqueezer.—There is more miſchief in a pair of blue eyes; an't there, Frank?

Grand. You are almoſt drunk, Tom.

Tom. A little in trim. I am madly inclined to love, when ſober, ſo I drink to preſerve my ſenſes. Take your glaſs, man; you are yet in arrear. Well done, Frank! why, a few more glaſſes will make your lanthron jaws bluſh like a woman of faſhion's.

Grand. Still as mad as ever, Tom.

Tom. You are out; I am become ſo wiſe and ſober, that my father ſwears he will diſinherit me. An't it true, Ned?

Town. You have deceived him into an opinion that you may repent of.

Tom. Well ſaid, gravity! Frank, this fellow, but an hour ſince, ſung, ſwore, and capered like a bedlamite.

Grand. Are you ſerious?

Tom. I was when he was mad, and reproved him like a virtuous, modeſt man; but the rogue has a deſign on my ſiſter, and is now collecting his ſpirits to play them on my father.

Grand. And you counterfeit gravity, as a foil to his levity; pray is it a part of your deſign

ſign to dreſs Mr. Medly in your father's clothes?

Tom. He is doing penance for my offences.

Medly. Sir, he perſuades his father that I have reformed him; now, as you ſaw us abroad—

Grand. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall undeceive him.

Tom. Not before to-morrow, Frank; for he attends me to the maſquerade, and, as I perceive he underſtands the character, he ſhall repreſent my father.

Town. What character do you appear in?

Tom. I have procured a proper habit from my ſiſter's maid.

Town. What! to repreſent your ſiſter?

Tom. No, a nocturnal votary of Venus; and we ſhall play ſuch pranks—

Grand. Conſider, your father.

Tom. What a pair of pragmatical puppies! I have but one conſideration, and that is, to be revenged of an inſolent woman.

Grand. Then, I perceive you are not as invulnerable to Cupid as you pretend.

Tom. But his arrows ſtick as harmleſs in my heart as in his quiver; they are mere playthings, and if the ſenſation grows troubleſome, I ſhall apply my friend Townly's remedy.

Grand. Has he a remedy for love?

Tom. Repeat it, Ned, for the good of the company.

SONG, *by* Townly.

Ye mortals whom Cupid compels
To gingle his whimſical chains,
I a recipe have for his ſpells,
And require no fee for my pains:

'Tis

'Tis wine, ſparkling wine, I preſcribe,
Who rejects it is ſurely a fool;
I procur'd it by giving a bribe
To one of Anacreon's ſchool.

Should Cloe refuſe to be kind,
This cordial your ſorrows can eaſe;
The vixen may alter her mind,
If ſhe thinks ſhe no longer can teaze.
To teaze is the pride of the fair;
To ſubmit and ſucceed is in vain;
Wine only can conquer deſpair,
And blunt both reflection and pain.

If you love without hope of return,
(In my practice ſuch caſes I found)
The poiſon will ſoon ceaſe to burn,
If you moiſten with wine the deep wound.
'Twas thus Minos' daughter was ſav'd,
Tho' poets would fain have us think,
That Bacchus had come to her aid,
When we know 'twas a vine diet-drink.

Should abſence alone be your ill,
'Tis wine can recal paſt delight;
A bumper then inſtantly fill,
And your Cloe appears to your ſight;
In its colour her bluſhes you ſee,
When it ſparkles, her glances divine,
Its zeſt and paſt rapture agree——
Such virtue is only in wine!

Enter Sampſon.

Samp. Sir, ſir, here come the doctors!

Grand. Death, Tom! take away the wine.

Tom. Who is afraid of them? there is none of us ſick. Shew the gentlemen up. (*Exit Samp.*) Theſe may be honeſt fellows.

Grand.

Grand. Scoundrels! that have no more pity for a ſick man than his ſins.

Tom. Say you ſo! You have no objection to a little fun at their expence?

Grand. Uſe your diſcretion.

Med. Bravo! A diſcretionary power for me? how ſhall we proceed againſt them?

Grand. I'll pretend to be dead.

Tom. They are Atheiſts, and fear not the dead; were they Chriſtians, their conſciences would ſpoil their practice. Let me have fair play, Frank. Townly, if you flinch you loſe Dolly.

SCENE. VIII

Enter Doctor Hemlock *and* Apothecary, *with a large phial.*

Heml. Hey! what's all this?

Tom. Gentlemen I'm glad you came before we took our leave. We have adminiſtered a reſtorative, whoſe virtues I dare ſay you are no ſtrangers to.

Heml. Sir, you have given him poiſon.

Tom. How doctors differ! will you pleaſe to taſte?

Heml. No, Sir.

Tom. Nor you, Sir?

Apoth. No, Sir.

Tom. Pleaſe to be ſeated, gentlemen:—nay, I inſiſt you will. As we have acted rather contrary to the rules of the profeſſion, I think it is our duty to apologize. Sir, I have ſtudied medicine according to the principles of—*hickup.*

Heml. Bedlam, I ſuppoſe.

Tom. No, the ſagacious Anacreon.

Heml.

Heml. I thought ſo. And you think you have done wonders?

Tom. I am not vain. Pray aſk the patient how he finds himſelf; or look in his face and tell me, is that the countenance of a dying man?

Heml. A glowing hectic.

Tom. What is your opinion, doctor?

Town. Returning health.

Tom. Yours, learned Sir?

Med. A change of diet perfects the cure.

Tom. I preſume you ſubmit when the majority in a conſultation is againſt you?

Heml. My three learned brothers, how comes it that you, who imagine yourſelves in health, have ſwallowed ſo plentifully of the ſame medicine you have given to the ſick?

Tom. Sir, this valuable elixir loſes much of its power, unleſs every perſon preſent, at the time it is applied, takes an equal proportion; now, Sir, unleſs you have a deſign to injure its reputation, you will not refuſe—Who waits there? (*Enter Sampſon*) Bring glaſſes.

Heml. I'll not touch a drop.

Apoth. I would as ſoon drink laudanum.

Tom. Gentlemen, I never force my advice on any man. Pray, Sir, may I demand, for what purpoſe have you brought that bottle?

Apoth. This here bottle?

Tom. Yes.

Apoth. Read the label.

Tom. "Two ſpoonfuls to be taken every two hours"—Devliſh ſlow in the application! why, my cordial is to be taken every three

minutes. You have no objection to my trying the efficacy of your medicine againſt mine?

Heml. Not the leaſt.

Apoth. I hope he will ſwallow a doſe. (*aſide.*)

Tom. Bring two ſpoons. (*exit Samp.*) Sirs, we entered this apartment as you have done, with our bottle in hand, and it has in every reſpect anſwered our expectations; but, as every practitioner is attached to a favourite ſyſtem, I conclude you think that your medicine was proper, and ours quite the contrary.

Heml. It will appear ſo by the ſequel.

Med. And we no better than quacks and poiſoners.

Apoth. Worſe, I maintain it.

Enter Sampſon, *with ſpoons.*

Tom. Let us not wrangle: one of the chief virtues of our medicine is, to promote mirth and good humour; yours, I preſume, has properties equally valuable. (*placing the ſpoons and phials before them.*) Come, let us fill round for the experiment.

Heml. I don't like this. (*aſide.*)

Apoth. Muſt we drink phyſic? (*aſide to Heml.*)

(*Hemloc reaches at the wine.*)

Tom. Hey! what's this for?

Heml. Sir, if you pleaſe, I ſhall firſt try the virtues of your bottle.

Tom. Not till I conſent to try yours.

Med. Zounds! if your hand ſhakes, I'll fill for you.

Heml. My good Sirs, this is carrying the jeſt too far: the next time you require a phyſician

ſician I hope you will treat him like a gentleman. (*offering to retire.*)

Tom. Hold, Sir; you ſhall not go, until you firſt convince me that you had no deſign to poiſon my friend.

Heml. Can you ſuppoſe a man of character capable of ſuch baſeneſs? Sir, you are both drunk and mad.

Apoth. For God's ſake, don't provoke him! theſe are Sir Gilbert and his mad ſon; I wonder I did not recollect them ſooner. (*aſide.*)

Med. Here, my boy; down with this.—You refuſe! Poiſon, gentlemen!

Heml. Sir Gilbert, I could not imagine—

Med. That I could unkennel a knave. Anſwer me, Sir; is it not poiſon? ratſbane, ſir?

Apoth. No, ſir; I have a hundred preſcriptions on my file, of the doctor's, word for word with it.

Tom. No proof. You muſt ſwallow it to convince me.

Apoth. My buſineſs is to compound what others preſcribe; he knows beſt whether it may be taken with ſafety.

Heml. I ordered nothing but what a child may take.

Apoth. Then it would be his laſt. Gentlemen, I'll run home for the recipe.

Tom. Not a foot, ſir, unleſs you conſent to carry part of your medicine in your ſtomach.

Apoth. Not for all the drugs in my ſhop.

Med. Here is villainy!

Heml. Gentlemen, I ſhall end the diſpute. I have been called in by the advice of Mr. Bliſter; and, it is not to be imagined that, if he doubted

my

my abilities, he would have recommended me; and had he followed my directions, he could have had no objection to give you the ſatisfaction you require.—You may take an emetic. (*aſide to the Apothecary.*)

Tom. Spoken like a man of honour. Now the proof lies with you.

Apoth. I conſent, if he ſhews me the example.

Heml. As you compounded—

Apoth. But you preſcribed, Sir.

Tom. But, you allow you have the recipe; and a man of character would not leave his reputation at the mercy of an apothecary.

Heml. Very true, Sir; and, as you are ſatisfied on my part, you have no objection to my taking leave.

Tom. Firſt permit me, Sir, (*offering to ſee him.*)

Heml. Not for the world, Sir.

Tom. Nay, I inſiſt on it.

Heml. I have not put pen to paper.

Tom. But your time, doctor.

Heml. I'll not diſoblige you, Sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Tom, Townly, Medly, Grandville *and* Apothecary.

Apoth. You have feed him!

Tom. And will fee you, if you remove my ſuſpicions.

Med. Take it, my little fellow. Come, no wry faces. By the lord Harry you ſhall either ſwallow this or the whole.

Apoth. Then— (*he takes it.*)

Tom.

Tom. That's my good boy! come, to'ther ſpoonful.

Apoth. I have taken two.

Med. But one, as I hope for practice.

Apoth. Then—by your leave. (*runs off purſued by* Tom *and* Medly.)

Town. Ha, ha, ha! To prevent miſchief, I'll follow.

Grandville.

Quack doctors and quack friends one practice follow,
Preſcribe to others what they fear to ſwallow.

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Maria *and* Townly.

Maria.

I AM ſure you think me very giddy. Lord, I wonder how I could bring myſelf to write to a gentleman! but you are a good creature, and will not put an ill-natured conſtruction on one's conduct. I really feared you could not attend me on ſo ſhort a notice.

Town. Could you ſuppoſe a rival?

Mar.

Mar. Pſha, nonſenſe! Well, I ſuppoſe you have an infinite curioſity to know the cauſe of this ſummons.

Town. Pardon a curioſity that is the conſequence of my readineſs to obey your commands.

Mar. And you would obey them?

Town. Even to deſtruction, miſery, death—

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall try you; but I proteſt I don't know how to tell you. An't you to be at the maſquerade?

Town. Had I imagined that you were to be there—

Mar. You are engaged! how ridiculous!

Town. But I have no engagement that a ſmile from you would not cancel. Shall I have the honour of attending you?

Mar. No; I have a mind to mortify you: you muſt not preſume.

Town. An't you to be there?

Mar. I ſhould, if I were not afraid of being inſulted.

Town. Inſulted!

Mar. By a madman! a fool! one who has treated me ſo ill that I could love the man that chaſtiſed him.

Town. Soh! my friend Tom is in a hopeful way. (*aſide*) Who is the villain that dare encourage your reſentment?

Mar. I declare I know not how to tell you, 'tis ſo ridiculous!—I ſuppoſe you have heard a rumour, that I am under an engagement to marry Dorothea's brother?

Town. I have.

Mar. Are you acquainted with him?

Town.

Town. No; I have avoided his acquaintance, as a country-bred; rather a boiſterous, vulgar—

Mar. A ſavage! His father and mine took it into their wiſe heads that, becauſe their eſtates joined, it was expedient to complete the union by forcing the inclinations of their children.

Town. In conſequence of which—

Mar. The ſon has, as wiſely, perſuaded himſelf that I am bound to fulfil what I never even aſſented to, and, without performing the probationary duty of a lover, has at once aſſumed the tyranny of a very rural huſband; preſumes to direct my friendſhips, and reſtrain my amuſements.

Town. Does his folly lead him to open violence?

Mar. A priſoner in my own houſe. I am under the neceſſity of dreſſing at lady Alimony's, and, unleſs you aſſiſt me, I know not how I ſhall get there.

Town. Only appoint your hour, and I'll ſee you there in my carriage.

Mar. You are extremely polite; but, you know it would not be ſo proper to have a gentleman's carriage at her door, at ſo late an hour, whilſt the litigation ſubſiſts between her and her lord. No, I muſt go in my chair; and, if he ſhould obſtruct—

Town. This ſword ſhall—

Mar. O lord! you ſhan't fight. I ſhould expire if there was a man killed on my account! but, if you would be ſo kind as to reaſon with him.

Town. Reaſon with a madman!

Mar.

Mar. What a dilemma!—I mean, bring him to reaſon.—You would do him a piece of real ſervice, and lay me under an eternal obligation.

Town. By this fair hand I ſwear.—But, ſay I bring him to reaſon, will my ſervices give me that place in your heart, which his folly renders him unworthy of?

Mar. Lord, what a night-errand I have got! a very Swiſs!—Cannot you comprehend what a lady means, when ſhe admits you to the honour of ſerving her?

Town. Pardon my ſtupidity. If we ſhould not meet in the ſtreet, I ſuppoſe I may find him at colonel Formal's.

Mar. Your firſt care is to get me to lady Alimony's; in the morning you may call on him, and—but, I have too good an opinion of your diſcretion to direct your conduct. You muſt be with me at twelve.

Town. And aſſure yourſelf my conduct ſhall not bring my diſcretion in queſtion. [*Exit.*

Mar. Adieu.—What charming fools theſe men make, if one is but civil to them! they may talk as they pleaſe of our ſex being dupes to flattery, but for our credit, I would undertake to prove, that the ſame portion neceſſary to fool one woman, would turn a dozen of thoſe wiſe creatures into feminine fools.

Re-enter Townly.

Town. Death! Sir Gilbert is on the ſtairs.

Mar. Heaven's! how got he in? Run into my cloſet;—I ſhall ſoon diſpatch him.

[*Exit Townly.*

Oldp. (from without) What o'pox, Mrs. Tiffany, do you forget who I am? (*he enters*) This wench

wench ſince ſhe came to London, has learnt to outlie all her ſiſterhood on this ſide Templebar. I hate a liar, child.

SCENE II.

Sir Gilbert Oldprank *and* Maria.

Mar. Sir, I ordered her to deny me.

Oldp. Certainly it is rather late to admit viſitors; but a friend, ſuch as I am—

Mar. May be guilty of an impropriety as well as another.

Oldp. Heyday! Do you forget who I am?

Mar. No, Sir; I regard you as a gentleman, for whom my father had a ſincere eſteem.

Oldp. On that account I make you this viſit. I am leaving town to-morrow, and ſhould be ſorry to leave the daughter of my late worthy friend in a place, where her inexperience might expoſe her to the follies of diſſipation, or the ſnares of villainy.

Mar. Perhaps, Sir, I am not quite ſo inexperienced as you imagine.

Oldp. Um!—I have heard as much. (*aſide.*) But, conſider child, the circle of acquaintances you have got into of late, as they ſhew no regard for their own reputations—

Mar. Sir, I have no ſuch acquaintances.

Oldp. Well, well, let it paſs: 'tis praiſeworthy to ſpeak well of one's friends, tho' it is more prudent to diſtruſt them. You have been virtuouſly educated, and if my ſon had continued to follow my precepts, I make no doubt you would have made him a good wife.

Mar. You will oblige me, Sir, if you command him never to think of me more.

Oldp. 'Tis unneceſſary; he hath gotten his head ſtuffed with all the trumpery of a man of taſte, and, I believe, would prefer a noſeleſs ſtatue of Diana to the poſſeſſion of real Britiſh beauty.

Mar. How, Sir!

Oldp. Had you ſeen the alteration!

Mar. I have ſeen ſufficient to make me hate him. I thought that travelling would have ſoftened his manners.

Oldp. So it has, with a vengeance!

Mar. Do you call it reformation to inſult me, by threatening to ſerenade me with drums and barrel-organs?

Oldp. I would give a thouſand pounds I was ſure of it.

Mar. Would you encourage ſuch conduct?

Oldp. Any conduct that was like my mad boy, Tom. But how the plague could you quarrel? he came home but this morning.

Mar. You had beſt enquire of himſelf. Sir, I am miſtreſs of both my perſon and fortune, and will neither have my conduct queſtioned, nor my amuſements circumſcribed.

Oldp. By the Lord Harry, I ſmoke it! (*aſide.*) Harkie, Maria; you have not been quite ſo good a girl as I would wiſh.—Tom may have heard ſomething.

Mar. I am equally careleſs of what he hears or what he thinks of me, as I am determined to be any thing rather than his wife.

Oldp. Be not ſo haſty, child; I was juſt ſuch an out-o'the-way fellow when I was his age, and I made

I made the beſt huſband! 'egad, after I had been twenty years married, I was worth a dozen of the ſmock-faced fellows of this age. No doctors-commons doings in my family!

Mar. I beg you will not inſult my ears with ſuch ribaldry.

Oldp. Nice ears are no prognoſtic of nice virtue; nay, if we were to eſtimate a man's honour by his wife's ears, the words demirep and cuckold might be ſtruck out of our language. But are you reſolved to remain in town?

Mar. Until it grows tireſome; I preſume you have no other motive for leaving it.

Oldp. And a very ſufficient one.

Mar. Then I aſſure you, Sir Gilbert, when I have the ſame motive to plead, I ſhall follow your example.

Oldp. I am anſwered. And, when you think my example neceſſary to be followed, I hope it will be from the ſame motive, and no worſe. [*Exit.*

Enter Townly.

Town. How charmingly you diſpatched this piece of antique generoſity.

Mar. A quarrel. But, if one muſt fall out wit one's friends who think pleaſure, vanity; or one's acquaintances who make vanity a pleaſure; I think the laſt deſerve a preference, becauſe they improve on the theory of the firſt, by inſtructing us how to apply it with advantage.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Oldprank, *from without.*

Oldp. One word more, Maria. (*He enters as Townly retires.*) Did I not ſee a man run into the cloſet?

Mar. Into my cloſet!

Oldp. If I may believe my eyes.

Mar. What do you mean, Sir Gilbert?

Oldp. A man in that cloſet.

Mar. Impoſſible!

Oldp. Will you permit me to ſearch?

Mar. I ſhould have no objection, was not your ſuſpicion an inſult. A man in ſuch a place!

Oldp. Perhaps it is Tom; and they are both in a combination to perplex me. (*aſide.*) Some one I actually ſaw, and I am determined to know who it is.

Mar. I would die, ſooner than ſubmit to let any perſon rummage my cloſet.

Oldp. A likely affair, truly, that they ſhould quarrel the inſtant they met. (*aſide.*) Harkie, Maria, (*ſpeaking low*) a man I ſaw, by this light! and I can tell you, moreover, I know who it is.

Mar. I hope not. (*aſide.*) You aver, by this light, you ſaw a man.

Oldp. Poſitively.

Mar. The thing is explained; for as you entered, the light was ſo awkardly ſituated, you ſaw your own ſhadow.

Oldp.

Oldp. Ah, the witty baggage! I knew it was Tom. (*aſide.*) My ſhadow, ha, ha, ha! Confeſs, a'nt you both (*ſpeaking low*) in a combination to plague me? I am not angry; I know it is all his doings.

Mar. What can he mean? (*aſide.*)

Oldp. Child, you may ſpeak low. An't Tom in the cloſet? has not every word which you have ſpoken, to vex me, been his contrivance?

Mar. This is fortunate! (*aſide.*) Will you promiſe not to betray me?

Oldp. Betray you! never fear, I am no blab. 'Egad you carried it rarely! I ſuppoſe he told you what a fret he put me into.

Mar. Yes he told me.—O Lord, I cannot recollect the half of what he told me; but he ſaid that you imagined that he—

Oldp. That he was a connoiſſeur.

Mar. Yes, and an antiquarian, and a virtuoſo.—

Oldp. Od-rat him!

Mar. Then he perſuaded me—

Oldp. Enough; I know it all. Now that I have diſcovered the contrivance, ſuppoſe, Maria, I pretend to fly into a paſſion; ſwear you have a gallant hid, and, ſo pull my gentleman out by the ears.

Mar. No, no; it would be better to pretend you were convinced that your ſuſpicion was ill-founded; and to-morrow, when he is purſuing his plan, and has worked himſelf into the higheſt degree of exultation, blow him up at once, by ſhewing him you were privy to his whole deſign.

Oldp.

Oldp. Excellent!—Well, madam, (*loud*) I have too good an opinion of your prudence, to ſuppoſe you capable of an indiſcretion; in the morning I ſhall expect your final determination about leaving town. That will do (*ſoftly.*)

Mar. Charmingly! It is very poſſible, Sir, (*loud.*) I may change my mind before morning. Sir, I wiſh you a good night. My love to Dorothea.

Oldp. Madam, your humble ſervant. Hold: (*ſoftly*) he is ſuch a cunning knave, he may ſuſpect us, and, then I ſhould have a worſe life than before.

Mar. I will anſwer for the deception. If you ſtay a moment longer he may ſuſpect I have betrayed him, and turn his revenge on me.

Oldp. Very true. Eh, let me conſider.—I have changed my mind. I have earthed the fox, and will put it out of his power to lead me ſuch another dance. I ſay, I will be ſatisfied! (*loud.*)

Mar. Sir Gilbert, will you ruin me?

Oldp. The honour of my family is concerned; and I muſt know the truth, be the conſequence what it may. (*He forces the door.*)

Mar. Undone! ruined for ever!

SCENE IV.

Oldprank, Townly, *and* Maria.

Oldp. Let me ſee who I have gotten. Hell and fury! what, honeſt Ned!

Town. A comical encounter, Sir Gilbert.

Oldp.

Oldp. Exceedingly comical; very comical, indeed. You unfortunate girl! could I think the daughter of—Harkie, ſirrah; how can you look me in the face? anſwer me, Sir.

Town. Then, in a few words——

Oldp. Not a word Sir. Get out of the houſe, you villain!

Town. I ſhall take a future opportunity to explain this affair. [*Exit.*

Oldp. You ſhall; and if there be an ounce of gunpowder in the kingdom—I ſhall choak with rage.

Mar. Tho' appearances are againſt me, I would have you to know, Sir—

Oldp. That you are not quite ſo inexperienced as I imagined.

Mar. Yet, I have the confidence to think you wou'd acquit me, if you wou'd but hear me.

Oldp. I doubt it not. Death! that a modeſt ignorance of vice ſhould be ſtigmatized, as ruſticity, whilſt a ſhameleſs confidence paſſes for the characteriſtic of improvement and good breeding!

Mar. Let me perſuade you.

Oldp. Not againſt the evidence of my ſenſes. I intended to reſcue you from the danger I ſaw your folly plunging you into, but, from this hour I abandon you. Your imprudence had like to have coſt my ſon his life; your loſs of honour might endanger my daughter's reputation. [*Exit.*

Mar. For heaven's ſake!—he will not hear me: my folly has loſt me a ſecond parent! But I have friends, fortune, and every requiſite the

the world eſteems; and am quit of a connexion that reſtrained my pleaſures. If this adventure gets abroad: provoking!—and Townly, thinking me in his power, may demand my hand; if he does, I ſhall encourage him to hope, tire him by delay, and at length diſappoint him [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The ſtreet.*

Medly, *ſolus.*

Med So, our maſquerade frolic is over—I am ſorry for it; we have loſt a fine opportunity for miſchief, and without miſchief no preferment for honeſt Medly. The apothecary, I believe, has broke his arm; or, more properly ſpeaking, we have broke it for him. How the rogue tumbled, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Oldprank.

Oldp. Do you laugh at me, Sir? What, ſirrah, is it you?

Med. The charmingeſt piece of miſchief, Sir! Such an adventure!

Oldp. I have had one, with a vengeance!

Med. Not half as good as ours, Sir.

Oldp. You lie, Sir. Where is my ſon?

Med. Sir, he is juſt as you could wiſh him.

Oldp. He is juſt as I would not wiſh him: he is a ſneaking—Where is he, raſcal?

Med. I'll run and look for him.

Oldp. Run to the vengeance! you have been his ruin, and the ruin of my whole family; nothing but misfortune on misfortune ſince I tookyou into it! Do you think he will fight?

Med.

Med. Fight!

Oldp. If he proves a coward I'll ſhoot you.

Med. Content—What's in the wind now? *(aſide.*

Oldp. Deſire him to come here; I'll wait for him.

Med. Sir he is hunting the town for Captain Grandville, and has ſent me to watch Miſs Maria.

Oldp. Hunting the town for Grandville!

Med. Yes, Sir; he has taken a French leave.

Olap. Whew! was he found hid in a cloſet, or caught in bed—Zounds, you ſcoundrel, fly for my ſon! (*Exit Medly.*) What a heap of misfortune has this curſed girl drawn on me! now my daughter is—perhaps as bad as other mens daughters; and, for aught I know to the contrary, has eloped with this beggarly fellow: it may be ſo; and my ſon gone in purſuit of them. What a ſot, to leave Prank-hall! there I could manage my family, but here—I'll run home to put an end to my anxiety. [*Exit.*

SCENE. VI.

Colonel Formal, Celinda, *and* Dorothea.

For. To leave me ſo abruptly; and not even to inform me where to direct to him!

Cel. Has he aſſigned any cauſe for his elopement?

For. Yes, his letter mentions a conviction of having abuſed my friendſhip, by indulging a

paſſion for you, and by concealing ſome particulars relative to his birth.

Dor. I think, Sir, you give yourſelf too much concern for one who has acted ſo ungenerouſly.

For. Dear Dorothea, you muſt not judge ſo harſhly. I acknowledge his deceiving me, by concealing the particulars of his birth, has hurt me. A long line of reſpectable anceſtry is an excitement to every honourable purſuit; but, he is truly to be honoured, whoſe obſcurity of birth is the only crime that envy can reproach him with. Such, he knew, were my ſentiments; and, as I never knew him guilty of meanneſs, I am the more anxious for an explanation.

Cel. His conduct towards me requires an explanation, which, I believe, would be more diſagreeable to him.

For. How, Celinda?

Cel. You requeſted I would ſend my woman to take an account of ſuch things as he left in his apartment; amongſt other particulars, ſhe found the picture of a beantiful woman, which he had forgot in his confuſion and hurry.

For. What would you infer?

Cel. That he had a prior engagement before he ſaw me. My woman informs me, that ſhe has often obſerved him to gaze on the picture with earneſtneſs and concern.

For. Can it be poſſible! Where is the picture?

Cel. It may be the means of bringing him to a more particular explanation than he would chooſe *(giving it.)*

For. You obſerve rightly.—Oh, gracious heaven!

heaven! what do I behold? Help me—ſupport me. (*ſinks on a chair.*)

Dor. Support him, Celinda, till I ring for help.

Cel. Stay, he recovers.

For. This is too much.—Where is my child? he is—he is my Charles.

Cel. Alas! he raves.

For. Perhaps ſhe lives too.

Dor. My dear uncle, who do you mean?

For. Your aunt.—Look, look, Dorothea, my deareſt Caroline! my dear angel's picture! Oh, Providence, how much am I beholden to your gracious will! Let no place be unſearched, I will not leave—alas! I am overpower'd.

Cel. Is then, Grandville—

For. My ſon, Celinda; yes, my long loſt ſon! but he is gone from me. But one ſhort glympſe of happineſs!

Dor. My brother may diſcover him.

For. That is my only hope; but, I will not diſtruſt that power which has already done ſo much for me. Help me to my chamber.—Until now my years did not oppreſs me; but, in my child, I ſhall have a ſtaff to ſupport my feeble age. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Townly *and* Sampſon.

Town. Mr Oldprank not at home!

Samp Nor his worſhip neither: I ſuppoſe they are hunting for the Captain.

Town. What Captain?

Samp. Belike you have not heard. Oh, maiſter Townly, there be Devil to pay! The young gentleman is rund away.

Town.

Town. Captain Grandville, mean you?

Samp. Ay; there never comes no good of theſe Captains; we pay them for fighting our enemies, do you ſee, but they requite us by proving their courage on our wives and daughters. Can you keep a ſecret?

Town. On my honour!

Samp. Say, 'pon your troth, or, as I'm a Chriſtian; for my part, I don't know the meaning of the word honour, nor I believe very few that make uſe of it.

Town. Come, the ſecret.

Samp. Then you muſt know, the Captain and Miſs Celinda.—'Tis no ſtory of my making; I had it from our Sue, and ſhe knows every thing. This Captain and Miſs, while the Colonel was away—You underſtand me?

Town. A common accident, Sampſon.

Samp. He, he, he! ſo it be, maiſter. 'Ecod, in our country, he'd pay for his peeping; but, mayhap, he'd be worſe off here, for every ſtreet has a juſtice in it, who takes up a man for no other earthly cauſe, than to get ſhillings a piece from folk that ſtare at him.

Town. Can I ſee Miſs Oldprank?

Samp. I believe ſhe is a-bed by this time, but, if you would ſpeak with her, I'll bid our Sue give your ſervice, and mayhap ſhe'll get up to oblige you.

Town. My beſt reſpects, and I requeſt to ſpeak to her on particular buſineſs.

Samp. Hold. Odſo, his worſhip charged me not to give meſſages, or letters, without acquainting him.

Town. You may acquaint him to-morrow.

Samp.

Samp. Very true, ſo I may.—Not a word of what I told you.

Town. As I am a Chriſtian!

Samp. Well, well.—Do you ſee, I don't love to meddle nor—

Town. Death! I'm in haſte *(thruſting him out.)* 'Tis unfortunate that Tom is from home; we may looſe the opportunity of turning my adventure to account, tho', for my part, I pronounce her incurable. What a contraſt to my charming Dorothea! Modeſt without appearing ſilly; and with a reſervedneſs, tempered by an innocent freedom, that engages our attention, and, at the ſame time, reſtrains our thoughts within the limits of a virtuous wiſh: but, theſe perfections, while they exalt her in my opinion, ſink me into a very ridiculous lover; for tho' I have made love to many with ſucceſs, yet, their vanity always gave a ſpirit to my addreſs, which genuine virtue is apt to brand with its true name,—impudence.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Sir, I am told that you have deſired to ſee me. I hope, Sir, no diſagreeable accident is the cauſe of this viſit.

Town. Pardon me, Miſs Oldprank, I have taken the liberty—your brother, madam—the friendſhip—

Dor. What of my brother, Sir?

Town. Yes, your brother, madam:—on an affair that concerns his happineſs.

Dor.

Dor. For heaven's ſake, be plain, Sir! You have alarm'd me exceedingly.

Town. Not more than you have me. (*aſide*) You muſt know, madam, that, late this evening, I received a letter from your friend, Maria, deſiring my immediate attendance.

Dor. A letter to you, Sir!

Town. Your brother having previouſly acquainted me with his attachment, and the reception he met with this morning, I was prepared to avail myſelf of any event that might contribute to puniſh a conduct which I diſapproved.

Dor. I hope, Sir, your conduct is ſuch as I can approve.

Town. Elſe I ſhould be the moſt unhappy of mankind. I waited on her, and found her object was, to induce me to challenge your brother.

Dor. Impoſſible!

Town. She is ignorant of our friendſhip, and imagines me an admirer.

Dor. But there is ſomething ſo baſe!

Town. Her reſentment overcame every other conſideration; but, the event is likely to humble her vanity, and to give your brother a power to propoſe his own terms. In ſhort, madam, I abſolutely deceived her into the opinion that I was a dupe to her deſign.

Dor. Shall I explain this to my brother?

Town. If you pleaſe, madam. I wiſh to have an interview with him, for the purpoſe of conſulting in what manner we may beſt proceed, ſo as to puniſh her for a conduct, which

is

is prejudicial to her true intereſt, and to his happineſs.

Dor. Sir, I am obliged to you for the intereſt you take in my brother's happineſs; but, I can hardly think it credible ſhe could be ſo ungenerous. Challenge my brother!

Town. You are not to ſuppoſe, Miſs Oldprank, that all your ſex are as perfect as you are.

Dor. Excuſe me, Sir, for refuſing a compliment that reflects on my ſex.

Town. Death! I have played the fool. (*aſide*) Do not miſtake me, madam; no one can eſteem their numerous virtues more than I do; and when a caſual foible obtrudes—

Dor. None ſeems to have a better diſpoſition to expoſe it.

Town. Ruined! (*aſide*) For heaven's ſake, madam, ſuffer me to explain the motives of my conduct.

Dor. There is no occaſion, Sir; any further explanation had beſt be made to my brother.

Town. I cannot part you thus: your frowns convince me that you condemn my zeal. I know your friendſhip for Maria, and will follow any conduct you ſhall direct. By heaven! I long have loved you, and have ſought every opportunity to explain my wiſhes; then how wretched, to be baniſhed your preſence, an object of your ſcorn!

Dor. Unhand me, Sir!

Town. Never, unleſs you forgive my folly. Here will I kneel!

Dor. Another time. You know not what you do.

Town.

Town. I aſk but for pardon: conſider how ſmall the grant.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir Gilbert Oldprank.

Oldp. Grant the vengeance, you raſcal! You knave! You fox, that I have hunted from my neighbour's rooſt, and caught devouring my own poultry! Are you not, Sir?

Town. I do not underſtand you, Sir.

Oldp. Then, what are you like?

Town. A faſhionable looking man, I preſume.

Oldp. No, a ravenous town rake o' the laſt age; wives, ſiſters, daughters, all one to you. A faſhionable looking man is a tall fellow with lanthron jaws, narrow ſhoulders, and no calves to his legs: were you one of theſe, I ſhould not fear you. Did he not want to get to bed to you, Doll? I know he did.

Dor. Sir, he came to acquaint my brother—

Oldp. 'Tis a lie! he would as ſoon meet the devil. Get you to your chamber, miſtreſs. *(Exit Dor.)* Harkie, Sir, have you a ſpark of honour in your carcaſe?

Town. I never was deficient.

Oldp. I'll put you to the proof.

Town. I am ready to explain—

Oldp I'll have no explanation. Zounds, Sir, you ſhall fight me this inſtant! and, if you have pretenſions to honour, wait here 'till I get my ſword. [*Exit.*

Town. So! I am in a fine ſituation. A duel with the father of my friend; and, the woman I love

I love loſt for ever, in conſequence of it!—It muſt be avoided—but how? there is but one way. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Sir Gilbert Oldprank, *followed by* Sampſon.

Oldp. Now, Sir, I'll teach you—What! has the ſcoundrel flown?

Samp. Mercy on us! ſure your worſhip an't going to commit murder?

Oldp. How came Townly into the houſe?

Samp. He came in on's own accord.

Oldp. He had like to ruin my daughter, you dog.

Samp. As I hope for mercy, I'd no hand in it! and if I had heard her ſquall——

Oldp. Squall! ſirrah, ſhe has been in town long enough to learn that ſqualling is vulgar, unleſs at a mouſe, a ſpider, a fly, or any thing that can't harm her. Come here, Sampſon.

Samp. Put away the ſword; I have a mortal diſlike to ſwords; the Devil might put it into your head to ſtick a body.

Oldp. There, you blockhead (*throws it away*) Now Sampſon—

Samp. 'Ecod, I have got it. (*Runs away.*)

Oldp. My whole family in a conſpiracy againſt me! I may thank the Colonel for it all; he perſuaded me to come to town, and to bring my daughter with me, that ſhe might acquire a knowledge of the world. Curſe on his knowledge of the world! I have diſcovered that it amounts to no more than, an inſenſibility to

things of real value, and a ſuperficial acquaintance with things uſeleſs, frivolous, and pernicious.——How, Tom!

SCENE XI.

Enter Tom Oldprank.

Tom. You have deſired my attendance, Sir.

Oldp. Yes, Tom; I wiſh to talk ſeriouſly with you, Tom. You are a ſad fellow, and, I ſuppoſe, don't care a fig for your poor father. I ought never to forgive you, Tom; and I have reſolved on it a hundred times; but, zounds! when I feel the misfortunes of another I always forget my own.

Tom. If I have offended you, Sir, I'll endeavour to make amends, by my future conduct.

Oldp. That is what I wiſh. Now, Tom, ſuppoſe the child of a man whom you eſteem'd and lov'd; an honeſt generous fellow, Tom, whoſe daughter I loved next to my own! ſuppoſe this daughter to be ſeduced by a villain, whom you thought your friend; would this newfangled way of thinking which, to my ſorrow, you have taken up, reſtrain you from chaſtizing him?

Tom. No.

Oldp. That's my good boy!—Attend then to what I ſay. Your conduct, and the folly of that old goat, the Colonel, vext me ſo much that I reſolved to leave town to-morrow; and, in conſequence of my reſolution, I went to Maria to prepare her to come with me.

Tom. Hah, Maria!

Oldp.

Oldp. Her maid refuſed me admittance, which I thought ſomewhat odd; however, I forced my way to her dreſſing-room. I expoſtulated with her on the danger of remaining in town, but, ſhe behaved to me with ſuch inſolence that, were ſhe my daughter, I would have ſuppled her ſides for her: ſo I took my leave; but, reflecting on the promiſe I had made her worthy father, I return'd and, to my amazement, ſaw a man run into her cloſet.

Tom. Is it poſſible?

Oldp. Do you ſuppoſe I would tell a lie, Sir? Into the cloſet, I ſay!—She trump'd up an artful ſtory, that you and ſhe were in a combination to perplex and vex me, and that you were the perſon in the cloſet.

Tom. I was in ſearch of—

Oldp. Ay, you are ſearching every where but where you ought. I went into the cloſet and pull'd out——Ned Townly.

Tom. Townly!

Oldp. Townly.

Tom. I'll not ſleep till I chaſtize him!

Oldp. My brave boy!—had you come home but half an hour ſooner, the dog would have met with his deſert.

Tom. Was he here ſince?

Oldp. After I had turn'd him out, and given madam a lecture, I return'd home and—caught him on his knees to your ſiſter.

Tom. Perhaps he came to apologize.

Oldp. A fiddle ſtick! No; he had hold on her, and ſhe was ſtruggling to get from him; he wanted her to——but, no matter for that. I

ran

ran for my ſword, but, before I returned, the villain had taken to his heels.

Tom. I am amazed! (*aſide.*)

Oldp. Will you fight him?

Tom. Maria ſo loſt to virtue! (*aſide.*)

Oldp. Anſwer me, Sir.

Tom. And yet, I cannot diſbelieve it. (*aſide.*)

Oldp. Will you fight, I ſay?

Tom. Yes, if I fail to chaſtize him, abandon me as a diſgrace to your family.

Oldp. You have made my heart as light as cork, you rogue. Give me your hand, Tom—My honeſt Tom! Come with me to my chamber, and there we ſhall ſettle matters; for ſhould the women ſmoak the buſineſs, we ſhall have ſuch an uproar. Come, my good lad, Tom.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Colonel Formal, *and Sir* Gilbert Oldprank.

Formal.

THE narrative ſays, that a woman applied to him, in order to recover certain valuable effects which ſhe had been plundered of; that, he having obſerved the beauty of the infant, and ſuſpecting ſhe could not be miſtreſs of ſuch effects, he became inquiſitive.—But, the narrative itſelf will beſt remove your doubts.

Oldp. Let me ſee.—Why the letters are all topſy-turvey! Zounds! It is in ſome foreign language.

For. I beg your pardon; it is in French.—It contains an exact catalogue of the ſeveral things which the woman ſaid ſhe was robbed of, but which had been actually the property of my dear Caroline. The picture, fortunately, eſcaped the plunderers, by being tied round the child's neck. As the woman's anſwers were unſatisfactory, he ſecured her for further examination; but, in the hurry, incidental to military operations, ſhe contrived to abſcond, and abandoned my child to the world.

Oldp. The child might be hers, tho' the effects were not.

For. I have every reaſon to ſuppoſe ſhe was my wife's maid; and, if the child was hers, ſurely ſhe would not have abandoned it. There

is

is a degree a natural affection implanted in the moſt profligate—

Oldp. Nonſenſe! Shew me matter of fact; thoſe ſentimental concluſions, like a will-o'-the-wiſp, may ſouſe a man in the mire, but can never ſhew him his road.

For. But, on inquiry, he diſcovered that a ſick lady, wife to an Engliſh officer, with her ſon, then three years old, and a female ſervant, had come to reſide in the town two days before the French troops took poſſeſſion of it; that ſhe expired the day after her arrival; and the people, with whom ſhe had lodged, acknowledged Grandville to be the child of the deceaſed.

Oldp. Why did he not tell you this before?

For. A miſtaken pride: the name of his benefactor he thought gave him more conſequence, than the acknowledgment of circumſtances, which might be conſtrued to his diſadvantage.

Oldp. Um!—I believe he is. But, is a Frenchman capable of a generous action?

For. Generoſity, humanity, and courage, are, in different degrees, the growth of every climate; but, as we have them in common with other countries, and only import their vices, we are apt to eſtimate the ſoil by the produce which our folly calls into uſe.

Oldp. Well, I wiſh you joy; 'egad I do. Colonel, I am equally fortunate.

For. You loſt no ſon.

Oldp. Aſtray a while; but he has returned to me, juſt as I could wiſh him.

For. Are you reconciled to his reformation?

Oldp. 'Twas all a hum.

For.

For. A hum!

Oldp. Ay, ay; the rogue almoſt perſuaded me that he had brought home a cargo of theſe ſame foreign commodities; no ſuch thing! he abhors them, and is now gone to thraſh them out of a fellow that ſeems to be compoſed of nothing elſe.

For. What do you mean?

Oldp. He will pepper the dog, I warrant.

For. Gone to fight any perſon?

Oldp. Ned Townly.

For. Good heaven! are you ſerious?

Oldp. I offered to be his ſecond, but he objected to that, as I was his father. We ſettled the affair laſt night; I ſuppoſe it is over by this time.

For. Townly was here this morning; I heard him laughing heartily in Tom's chamber; and they went out together ſeemingly good friends.

Oldp. Was my ſon laughing?

For. He was. My chamber is next to his; and I overheard them laughing, and often mention you and Maria.

Oldp. Laughing!

For. Particularly when the ſpoke of you or her.

Oldp. The curſe of diſobedience never afflicted me till now! the ſcoundrel! the coward! but, he was born to be a cuckold, and, if I left him my eſtate, it would deſcend to another man's iſſue.

For. Be calm, my friend.

Oldp. Zounds, I am not in a paſſion! I am calm; yes, very calm. This is the laſt time he ſhall give me trouble. Colonel, you have a ſon

and

and I a daughter; come, a match—they ſhall have my eſtate.

For. My ſon's affections are engaged.

Oldp. Nothing but vexation and diſappointment!

For. Suſpend your judgment till you ſee your ſon; I know him to have courage, and, from his conduct in regard to mine, I am convinced he has diſcernment and prudence.

Oldp. When a man is to fight, what buſineſs has he with either? but, I'll ſuſpend my judgment on one condition.

For. Name it.

Oldp. If my ſon is a dupe or a poltroon, you muſt permit Charles to chaſtize Townly.

For. Agreed. Come and propoſe the terms to himſelf.

Oldp. Laughing! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Maria, *ſola.*

Mar. What a dull, inſipid thing is life! Why are our wiſhes boundleſs, when the gratification of them is circumſcribed within the narrow limits of a few enjoyments, which are no ſooner familiar than they become diſguſting? High-ho!—Vulgar company! fifty dominos for one character, as ill ſupported as fancied: the laſt maſquerade I ſhall go to, poſitively. (*Enter Tiffany*) Well, Tiffany, have you heard any thing?

Tiff. John is this inſtant returned, mam; he waited above two hours in the fields; then he inquired

inquired at ten different beer-houſes; but the dickens a tidings he could hear of them. As he returned home, he heard that a couple had juſt gone to Hide-park; but they proved to be two aldermen that fit about bribery.

Mar. Ceaſe your clack, for heaven's ſake! I ſhall breakfaſt here, and am not at home to any body. (*Exit Tiff.*) Even an admirer has no more deference for the honour of one's commands, than one has for the precepts of a grandmother: liſtened to with ſeeming reſpect, and expunged by the firſt agreeable folly that preſents itſelf.—I wiſh I were a nun—peaceful, and without a care but for—lord! they dreſs frightfully.—I hope they have not fought; tho' a duel gives one conſequence; it looks as if one was worth fighting for. I have been fought for; but then, my Quixote managed the affair ſo outré, as only made me ridiculous. If he would acquire ſomething of the brilliant of the ton, and treat me with reſpect, I could excuſe myſelf for thinking of him. (*a loud rapping.*) This is certainly that fulſome creature, Mrs. Sable!—Of all beings, a rich dowager, with the remains of a face, is the moſt impertinent: I wonder what the men can ſee in them! to me, a fat widow is as diſguſting as a village churchyard, which vegitates from the effuſion of mortality.

Enter Tiffany.

Tiff. Mem, mem!

(*Tom*) *Oldprank, ſpeaking from without.*)

Bear me to this cruel, lovely woman.—Gently, my dear friend.

SCENE III.

Enter Tom, *as wounded; ſupported by* Townly *and* Medly.

Mar. Oh, heavens!

Tom. Frown not, Maria; a few moments takes me from this tranſitory world, and gives me peace.

Mar. Deſtruction! murder! (*looking wildly at him.*)

Tom. I have paid the fine of my offence; this gentleman's arm has done you juſtice.

Mar. Accurſed, meddling villain!

Med. Sir, you had beſt ſubmit to have your wound examined.

Tom. Good Mr. Probe, firſt let me aſk this injured lady's pardon, that granted, I ſubmit. Maria, can you forgive—and cloſe my eyes?

Mar. I am a fiend! a murdereſs. (*flies to him.*)

Med. For God's ſake, don't ſqueeze the gentleman! he bleeds inwardly. Dear madam, be prudent.

Mar. Talk not to me of prudence; my folly has deſtroyed the man I love. Help, ſeize that villain! bind him! let him feel the vengeance of offended juſtice!

Tom. Forgive him, Maria, he acted nobly: my folly tempted me to refuſe the tribute which I owed your wrongs. Sir, your kindneſs but expoſes you to danger; I beg you will be prudent and withdraw.

Town. Madam, when you can command your reaſon, I hope you will do me the juſtice to acknowledge

knowledge that, a reſpect for your commands, and not revenge, was the cauſe of this unfortunate accident. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Mar. 'Tis falſe!—Oh, I am the verieſt wretch alive! Is there no hope, Sir?

Med. When I examine the wound, madam. I have known a ball to enter the thorax and lodge itſelf under the ſcapula. Now, ſuppoſe a bullet was to enter your thorax, or any body's thorax, madam; firſt, the poſition is to be conſidered, next the—

Mar. Sir, your help is more neceſſary than your explanations.

Med. Very true, madam. Some one muſt ſit under the patient to ſupport him: you are too much affected, madam;—this young woman will anſwer better.

Mar. Oh! Mr. Oldprank! can my repentant tears waſh out my folly? they cannot! I have deſtroyed the braveſt man that ever loved a worthleſs woman! conſpired againſt a life that was devoted to my ſervice.

Tom. Oh! *(pretends to faint.)*

Mar. He expires!

Med. No ſuch thing, madam; 'tis but a faintiſhneſs, common in ſuch caſes. I ſhall thank you for a little hartſhorn, or vinegar, and ſome old linen, if you pleaſe; a ſmock, or any thing next to hand. I proteſt I was called on unexpectedly.

Mar. You ſhall have them, Sir. [*Exit.*

Med. Pray young woman chafe his temples.

Tiff.

Tiff. O Lord, Sir, I hope he won't bleed: this is the prettieſt fancied gown and petticoat I have in the world.

Med. It cannot be avoided; I am generally at the expence of a dozen ſuits a year, by the blood of my patients. Pray take care of him, while I call my ſervant with the inſtruments.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Tiff. I hope he will live till we get him out of the houſe. Mercy on me, how his heart beats!

Tom. Tiffany.

Tiff. Sir. (*diſmally.*)

Tom. Huſſey, you are grown a little goddeſs!

Tiff. He raves, or he would not ſay ſuch a civil thing to one. (*aſide.*)

Tom. You look as plump, as roſy, and as tempting.

Tiff. He is mad, ſure! I hope he mayn't do me a prejudice. (*aſide.*)

Tom. Such pretty pouting lips! round, heaving—Death! there is no reſiſting. (*embracing her.*)

Tiff. Wha! Help, help!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Heaven's and earth! I am abuſed! over-reached! inſulted!—Well, Sir, your farce was well contrived, but the cataſtrophe will not finiſh as you ſuppoſed.

Tom. Rather, not as you wiſhed; however, I ſhall not inſiſt on an ill-natured conſtruction. My farce, as you are pleaſed to call it, was intended for a tragi-comedy, but I have changed my mind, and it ſhall conclude a downright tragedy.—You love me.

Mar. Vain, ungererous man!

Tom.

Tom. And I am reſolved to break your heart.

Mar. You are deceived; my concern was for your reputation.

Tom. You would perſuade me that your affliction was a mere counterfeit.

Mar. Nothing more.

Tom. And, you are ſorry Townly did not whip me through the lungs.

Mar. I could have ſurvived it.

Tom. I ſee no reaſon why a dead lover ſhould not be as eaſily forgot as a dead huſband; but could you deny a tributary tear to the loſs of a living lover?

Mar. It would be childiſh to cry for the rattle I caſt from me.

Tom. What an admirable thing is philoſophy in petticoats!

Mar. What a ridiculous being is a lover, pretending indifference!

Tom. Do you think that my caſe?

Mar. Can you convince me to the contrary?

Tom. Firſt grant me one point to found my argument on.

Mar. Your folly.

Tom. Your's will do; the little ſtock which I poſſeſſed has been exhauſted in your ſervice.

Mar. You are become a very miſer, and deny your wealth to oblige one to prove it by argument.

Tom. Whilſt you are profuſe, to give one an idea that the fund is exhauſtleſs.

Mar. Now, I really believe you have a deſign on me, by your reproving me for ſquandering before you come into poſſeſſion.

Tom.

Tom. There was a time when your follies were as dear to me as my own; 'tis paſt; they have grown to vices! beſides, I have too much pride to marry a woman, whoſe reputation will be a ſubject for ridicule to the whole town.

Mar. How ſhall that come to paſs?

Tom. I was carried into the houſe, to all appearance dying; ſuch a circumſtance never fails to afford matter for ſcandal.

Mar. I declare you are very right! but, in you, I have an object to contradict the ſcandal, and attract the ridicule.

Tom. There you deceive yourſelf; the deſign is deeper laid than you imagine.

Mar. Hah!—A deſign againſt my reputation?

Tom. In revenge to my ſlighted, abuſed love. I go directly poſt to Flanders; a chaiſe and four waits for me in the ſquare. By this time, the rumour of my death is half over town; in ten minutes the coroner will enquire for my body, that miſſing, your attendance will be required before a magiſtrate.

Tiff. I will take my bible oath, that you was a living man when you left my miſtreſs.

Tom. Do, Mrs. Tiffany; your evidence will help to fill a column in the Morning Poſt or the Public Ledger.—And now, I leave you to your folly. [*Exit.*

Mar. Ah! (*falls into a fit.*)

Tiff. The devil choak him!—Ma'm, he is gone: you may recover.

Mar. Undone! ruined! and, he is loſt for ever. What ſhall I do, Tiffany?

Tiff. Let us run out of this houſe before the coroner comes.

Mar.

Mar. Deſire John to get me a chair. (*Exit Tiff.*) Cruel, barbarous man! after his curſed plot had unmaſked the ſentiments of my heart, to abandon me!—I will fly to his father and acknowledge my fault; perhaps, his reſpect for mine will procure me his protection. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Col. Formal's *houſe.*

The Apothecary *and an* Attorney.

Apoth. Give him civil language, Mr. Capias; for if you put him into a paſſion, it will be worſe for you than a pleuritic fever.

Attor. Pſha! the very idea of one of us terrifies theſe hot brained gentlemen. Now, ſuppoſe he knocks me down?

Apoth. Knocks you down!

Attor. He is heartily welcome: every blow I get will put a hundred hard guineas in my pocket.

Apoth. Why he treated me much worſe, and yet you tell me that I ſhall make nothing of it.

Attor. He compell'd you to ſwallow your own phyſic, which, had you refuſed, he might have indicted you for a malicious intention to poiſon.

Apoth. And, if he knocks you down, may he not excuſe the act by aſſerting, that you came with a fraudulent deſign to extort money from him.

Attor. How will he prove it?

Apoth. Very true. But I ought to get damages for the injury done to my arm.

Attor.

Attor. There is ſuch a poverty in your evidence, that a jury might think it accidental. Now, if you could ſwear that you were put into mortal dread and fear of your life.

Apoth. I can ſwear that with a ſafe conſcience.

Attor. That is to ſay, by the dread of a ſword, a gun, or ſome ſuch miſchievous weapon.

Apoth. I was only terrified by phyſic.

Attor. There were ſwords in company, and you would not ſwear they were not drawn.

Apoth. I was in too great a fright to obſerve whether they were, or were not.

Attor. Then you may ſafely ſwear it, on preſumption: for, if I am put into great dread and fear of my life, I am to ſuppoſe it was cauſed by the apprehenſion of ſomething miſchievous, and, conſequently, the inſtrument moſt apparently miſchievous, I may preſume, was the cauſe of my terror.

Apoth. Very plain, I confeſs! If we fail in our preſent buſineſs, let that be our next reſort.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Sir Gilbert Oldprank.

Oldp. What is your buſineſs with me, gentlemen?

Attor. Sir Gilbert, your humble ſervant. Believe me, Sir, I am glad to ſee you ſo hearty. My name is Capias; perhaps, Sir, you do not recollect me, but, I ſuppoſe you know this gentleman.

Oldp. No, Sir.

Attor.

Attor. Ha, ha, ha!—I aſſure you, Sir, I attend rather as a friend than as a man of buſineſs: you may lay aſide reſerve.—Mr. Bliſter, you are poſitive?

Apoth. Bleſs me! this is a different perſon.

Attor. Recollect yourſelf: this is Sir Gilbert; I have ſeen him a hundred times at 'ſize.

Oldp. You ſcoundrels, do you mean to banter me?

Attor. Pardon me, Sir Gilbert, he is my client; he has been exceedingly mal-treated by you, as he informs me, aided and aſſiſted by divers other perſons.

Oldp. 'Tis a lie! I never ſaw him before.

Apoth. I cannot ſwear poſitively, tho' I believe you were the gentleman who forc'd me to take phyſic.

Oldp. Do you take me for a farrier, Sir?

Attor. Sir, he has been ſo terrified that, beſides the injury done to his arm, he is rendered almoſt non compoſmentis.—Explain the affair. *(to the Apothecary.)* I fear there is ſome miſtake. *(aſide.)*

Apoth. Sir Gilbert, I ſhould be very ſorry to offend; but, indeed I have been exceedingly ill-treated in this houſe, as my diſlocated limb will teſtify.

Oldp. By whom?

Apoth. I proteſt I thought you were one of the party; no offence, I hope.—I was call'd to attend captain Grandville—You admit there is ſuch a perſon?

Attor. Do you admit there is?

Oldp. What then?

Apoth. When I, and doctor Hemloc, entered his chamber, we found your ſon, another gentleman, and a perſon, whom I ſuppoſed to be you, preſſing our patient to drink wine.

Attor. You ſee he is poſitive, as to the fact.

Oldp. I ſee you are impertinent. Proceed, friend.

Apoth. We reproved them, in very modeſt terms.

Oldp. And then you ſat down, like honeſt fellows, and took your glaſs.

Apoth. No, we refuſed; at which they took offence, and inſiſted on our drinking phyſic.

Oldp. Excellent! You drank it, I hope?

Apoth. One large ſpoonful, only.

Oldp. Bravo! Did the Doctor get his ſhare?

Apoth. They let him go.

Oldp. I am ſorry for it. You refuſed a ſecond?

Apoth. I ran for my life, but your ſon, and the perſon, whom I miſtook for you, purſued me; I leaped down one flight of ſtairs, and tumbled down the ſecond.

Oldp. Ha, ha, ha! Charming!

Attor. Conſider, Sir Gilbert, my client has diſlocated his arm.

Oldp. Had he broke his neck, I would have maintained his wife and children. My boy, Tom!

Attor. You underſtand the conſequence of this?

Oldp. Hang the conſequence! prove the fact.

Attor. The fact admits not a doubt.—He is rendered incapable of attending his patients—Mr. Bliſter, you are ſatisfied to make up this matter without litigation?

Apoth.

Apoth. Yes, for thirty pounds, or ſo; I am ſure I ſhall be that out of pocket.

Attor. Thirty pounds!—You miſtake, Mr. Bliſter; three hundred was the ſum you meant to ſay.

Apoth. No, I ſaid thirty, and I'll take thirty.

Attor. You are a ſneaking fellow, and I waſh my hands of you. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Oldp. Doſe me that villain out of the world, and I'll make the ſum a hundred.

Apoth. Alas, Sir! it is unlawful to make up poiſon, unleſs a phyſician preſcribes it.

Oldp. Hold your hand;—here is the money: one, two, three—You are ſure it was my ſon?

Apoth. As I am an honeſt man!

Oldp. I believe you. Four, five—An Apothecary ſwallow phyſic! ha, ha, ha!—Six, ſeven, eight, nine—It went curſedly againſt your ſtomach?

Apoth. I ſhall remember it as long as I live.

Oldp. Ten, eleven, twelve—The Doctor took none, you ſay?

Apoth. Pox on him, he was too cunning.

Oldp. If I had been there!—Thirteen, fourteen—Hah, Tom!

SCENE X.

Enter Tom.

My dear, honeſt Tom! you are the beſt ſon, and I am the happieſt father in England!

Tom.

Tom. Rather, Sir, you are the beſt father; and I am unworthy of your goodneſs.—The Apothecary! (*aſide.*)

Oldp. I forgive all, Tom. You know this gentleman, don't you?

Tom. I never ſaw the gentleman before.

Oldp. Zounds!

Apoth. Nay, I am poſitive as to you, tho' I am not as to Sir Gilbert.

Tom. I muſt bully this chap. (*aſide*) What do you mean, friend? Who are you, Sir?

Apoth. A very honeſt man, Sir, that you had like to poiſon.

Oldp. Ay, Tom; you forced him to take his own phyſic: own it, Tom; I have compounded for the damage.

Tom. You are impoſed on by a ſharper; a fellow that it would be but common juſtice to chaſtiſe—Your face I now recollect to have ſeen at Harwich; a Jew pedler; you were pump'd there, for ſelling ſpectacles glazed with ice.

Apoth. O Lord, Sir! I was never pump'd in my life. I never ſaw you before, Sir.—What a terrible fellow! (*aſide.*)

Oldp. Fire and fury! Did you not tell me he made you take phyſic?

Apoth. Very true, Sir.

Tom. What, how, when, villain?

Apoth. When I was ſick, Sir.

Oldp. He compell'd you to take it?

Apoth. Yes, Sir.—No, Sir; I beg your pardon; Sir, your ſervant. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

They ſtare at each other, for ſome time.

Tom. Can you explain this affair, Sir?

Oldp. None but the Devil can explain your conduct, Sir! You are my curſe, my plague, my torment!

Tom. Theſe words are daggers to me!

Oldp. Confound your canting face! Acknowledge the truth, and I'll not only forgive you, but applaud you for bullying the fellow.

Tom. What ſhall I ſay, Sir, to pleaſe you?

Oldp. Not a word.—Ah, that I could but ſee the roguiſh leer which you uſed to put on, when you had accompliſhed a complete piece of knavery.

Tom. Is it this you mean? (*archly*) Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Oldp. Eh! Zounds, Tom! Tom, I ſay!—He is my ſon ſtill, and I have ſeen the end of all my anxiety! I was curſedly afraid I had begotten a Virtuoſo, and ſhould have an auctioneer's hammer rattling, like an ominous death watch, for the diſſolution of my family.

SCENE XII.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Sir Gilbert, I am the moſt unfortunate of women!

Oldp.

Oldp. I have waſhed my hands of unfortunate women.

Mar. Oh, forgive me! I have not a friend in the world if you abandon me.

Oldp. Then you may thank your experience; for, now you know your enemies, and are on your guard.

Mar. No, no, I have no experience; I have no merit, and have loſt your eſteem! But, ſurely, you will not forget my father.

Oldp. Laſt night, Maria.

Mar. Mention it not, I have been ſufficiently puniſhed for my folly: your ſon has undone me.

Oldp. Townly, you mean.

Mar. He was but the inſtrument of Mr. Oldprank's plot, which my folly but too much encouraged.

Oldp. A plot between Tom and Townly!

Mar. Yes, yes: my reputation is ruin'd, unleſs you protect me.

Oldp. I am too old to commence the champion of broken reputations; but, 'tis plain you had none to loſe, or my ſon would not expoſe your want of it.

Mar. I call Heaven to witneſs, I am guiltleſs! nor could the moſt malicious tongue charge me with any crime, beyond the common foibles of my ſex, until his curſed mock duel with Townly.

Oldp. A mock duel, do you ſay?

Mar. Yes, he was carried into my houſe, attended by a Surgeon and Townly. I thought him dying; and, when my fears for his life had extorted the ſincereſt teſtimonies of my affection—

Oldp. What! do you really love him?

Mar. I acknowledge it, and bluſh to think how ill I have treated him. The flattery of the world ſeduced me to imagine that my charms could hold his heart, tho' I had tortured it a thouſand ways.

Oldp. Pretty doctrine! You have made a confounded miſtake, it ſeems!

Mar. I acknowledge my error; and that I am juſtly puniſhed for my folly. But, I have loſt him!—He parted from me with the moſt cruel indifference, and is gone for the Continent.

Oldp. Ha, ha, ha! Why, he only parted from me as you entered.

Mar. Indeed!

Oldp. Come, child, I perceive that your love for him is ſincere, and his indifference feigned; and, unleſs I am much deceived, a reconciliation will make you both happy.

Mar. I have too alarming a ſenſe of my paſt miſconduct to deny I wiſh for it.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. For God's ſake, father, protect me from the impertinence of my brother!

Oldp. Hey! what now?

Dor. He has told Mr. Townly a thouſand ridiculous lies. I love him!—I declare I never thought of him.

Oldp. That is a greater lie than any he told.

Enter

Enter Tom *and* Townly.

My honeſt Tom! (*embracing him*) you are a ſon after my own heart.

Tom. I hope you forgive me, Sir.

Oldp. No, ſirrah; I have a crow to pluck with you. Was not I as worthy to ſhare a frolic with you as Ned Townly? would I not have enjoyed the phyſicing an Apothecary as well as another? I forgive you, Tom. Honeſt Ned, ſhake hands.—You ſhall have my girl, Ned; ſhe has given me to underſtand you are the only man in England that can make her happy.

Dor. Me, father!

Oldp. Yes, Dolly; women are beſt underſtood by contraries; and, as a proof of the maxim, here ſtands a fair lady, Tom, who, from a very ſpirit of contradiction, was near looſing the man ſhe loved.

Tom. I am glad, Sir, the lady has perceived her error in time; for contradiction ſeldom grows tireſome to a miſtreſs, till conviction has cooled the ardour of her lover, by holding up a mirror to her follies.

Mar. Ungenerous concluſion!

Oldp. What the vengeance do you mean, Sir? don't cry, child; if he did not love you, he would not have taken ſuch pains to plague you. Why, you puppy, do you ſuppoſe a miſtreſs can bear humbugging like a father? look again into that ſame mirror, and perceive yourſelf guilty of the worſt of follies, that of inſulting one who loves you.

Tom.

Tom. When ſhe who loves me can reproach me with ſo mean a folly, I ſhall think no atonement too humiliating.

Mar. Then, I reproach you.

Tom. How ſhall I merit forgiveneſs?

Mar. Let your heart inſtruct you.

Tom. 'Tis thus my heart inſtructs me. (*embracing*) My ever loved Maria! from this moment I caſt off my former ſelf, and baniſh the remembrance of every foible that conceal'd your merit.

Oldp. Caſt off your former ſelf!

Tom. Only ſuch part, Sir, as might cauſe Maria to doubt my love; the reſt remains, as a ſecurity for yours.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Formal, Grandville *and* Celinda.

Oldp. Colonel, wiſh me joy; I am the happieſt fellow in England.

For. I do, ſincerely; but, I doubt that your happineſs exceeds mine: I am now bleſt in a ſon and daughter and have but one wiſh remaining, that is, may they enjoy as much happineſs in their children as I do in them.

Oldp. What think you now of matrimoney?

For. As you do; to theſe young people it promiſes true felicity, but, to you or me, my friend——

Oldp. Horns! You have had an eſcape, Colonel; few old fellows, who get matrimoney into their heads, ever root out the weed till it vegetates on their brows. Give me your hand, Charles, (*to Grand.*) you are an honeſt lad,

Charles; and, I ſhould like you better if you were a hearty fellow.

Tom. You will find he is a hearty fellow. He had his ſhare in the frolic on the apothecary.

For. What frolic?

Oldp. Not a word, lads; Squaretoes would preach us into the vapours. (*Enter Medly*) This is my repreſentative. Sirrah, have you not acted the part of Sir Gilbert?

Med. With great applauſe, Sir.

Mar. And, I believe, a ſurgeon likewiſe.

Med. Any character, madam, ſits eaſy on me but hypocriſy.

Oldp. To do you juſtice, you have in all reſpects pleaſed me, and if I knew any friend who wanted a tutor for his ſon———

Med. I hope, Sir, you would not recommend me. Sir, the employment is ſo fatiguing a road to preferment, that no man can be expected to undertake it twice: Sir, it is generally an introduction to a ſnug civil ſinecure, or a qualification for receiving tythes, and compoſing opiates for a Sunday's congregation.

For. Do you think yourſelf qualified for orders?

Med. By no means, Sir; I have too much modeſty to reproach a whole pariſh for faults which I cannot correct in myſelf; and, for the other proviſion, the thought of ſubſiſting on the vitals of my country would not let me ſleep in peace.

Oldp. Then, what ſhall I do with you?

Med. Aſſiſt me to try my talents at the law; it is the only profeſſion that does not require hypocriſy: I am acquainted with three or four worthy

worthy men who renounced the pulpit for the bar, from no other motive.

Oldp. You ſhall have it; and, as times go, perhaps you may become a chief juſtice. Colonel, what ſay you now to my ſyſtem of education? an't it preferable to the modern one, which has ruined half the young fellows of the age?

For. My friend, though your ſyſtem has anſwered with your ſon, I fear it would not have the ſame effect on others; few parents, like you endeavour to cultivate the friendſhip of their children, and few ſons could have been truſted with the ſame indulgence, which you allowed, without abuſing it.

Oldp. I was right, however; and its influence has even reached to this lady, who was ſo far gone in modern improvement, that nothing but my ſon's ingenuity could have ſaved her. If I had depreſſed his true Engliſh ſpirit—they might have married, through complaiſance; lived a while together, from mere politeneſs; and, then have petitioned for a divorce, from mere mutual civility.

Tom.

Such ills as theſe were England's foul diſgrace,
Begot by luxury, and nurs'd by peace.
War,—only war, our vices can controul,
Reſtore our manhood, and new nerve the ſoul.
Succeeding peace ſhall next a bleſſing prove,
And all our wiſhes to one object move,
To wedlock, bleſs'd by conſtancy and love.

FINIS.